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THE BARBARIANS OF MOROCCO

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SULTAN AB-DEL-AZIZ RECEIVES THE TRIBES AT FEZ

THE BARBARIANS OF MOROCCO

BY
GENERAL STERNBERG

FROM 1890 TO THE END OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

WITH A HISTORY OF THE GERMAN BY
GENERAL PECK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
COLONEL FOX-PITT, R.B.A.

THE PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK
GUTHRIE & COMPANY

1939

5

SULTAN AB-DEL-AZIZ RECEIVES THE TRIBES AT FEZ

THE BARBARIANS OF MOROCCO

by
ALFRED STERNBERG
AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHER WAR"

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH FROM THE
GERMAN BY
JOHN F. FLECK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN H. COX-PITT, R.B.A.

NEW YORK
DOUGLASS FIELD & COMPANY
1929



THE BARBARIANS OF MOROCCO



Adalbert ^{BY}
GRAF STERNBERG

AUTHOR OF "MY EXPERIENCES OF THE BOER WAR"

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY
ETHEL PECK

WITH 12 ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DOUGLAS FOX-PITT, R.B.A.

NEW YORK
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PREFACE

I ACCOMPANIED Count Sternberg on this little journey to Fez, not for the purpose of wringing concessions from the Sultan, but to learn something of the people and the country.

To speak with authority and true understanding of Morocco and its people requires sympathy and a life long residence amongst them. Although we cannot claim to have lived amongst the Moors for more than a few months, we started on our journey in a sympathetic mood, and returned with still more sympathy for these misunderstood people. To say that we thoroughly understood the Moorish character would be to adopt a presumptuous attitude.

Tourists flock to Tangier, and, after a conversation with a low-caste guide and a donkey-ride on the sands, take boat to England or America, and speak with the authority of ignorance on Morocco and its mysteries.

To be in sympathy with the Moors, we must put ourselves in their place, and ask whether we should like our own country to be overrun by needy adventurers. Can it be wondered at that the Moors are not impressed by European civilization as exhibited in their midst, and more especially at Tangier? Concession-mongers, usurers, and absinthe vendors jostle each other in the narrow street which leads to the quay. These pioneers of civilization all wear a hungry look, bred of greed, and they are all on the "money-make," mostly at the expense of the natives.

It is the habit of those who do not understand this sympathy for a race who do not wear tall hats to say, But surely, if France does not annex Morocco, Germany will, and you do not want to see the Germans there! Never for a moment can they attune their minds to the idea of Morocco for the Moors.

Because Morocco has not fallen into line with Europe and made a fetish of gold and commerce, are we to condemn the Moors as savages? These followers of Mahomet have as much right to exist as a nation as those who haunt the precincts of La Place de la Bourse.

Has modern civilization been such a success

that we Europeans are prepared to thrust it on the Moors at the point of the bayonet? Are not the Moors, living a pastoral life, incomparably better off than we are in the midst of the stench and smoke of factories?

Let Morocco remain as she is—a land inhabited by naturally peaceful people, unspoilt by modern inventions—an artistic reserve for all those who prefer the beauties of Nature to the throb of an iron piston.

DOUGLAS FOX-PITT.

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THE BARBARIANS OF MOROCCO

CHAPTER I

TANGIER

I

AFTER many weeks spent in Tunis, Biskra, and Algiers, the voyage to Tangier came next upon the programme. Once a month a ship, one of the "Adria" Company, makes a voyage between Algiers and Tangier. The "Adria" is a Hungarian company, and I was pleased at the thought of gliding across the waves under my native flag. I had to wait some time for that pleasure, for the ship *Adria* had not come in, and the agents had no news as to the cause of her delay. Finally, she appeared in the harbour on the day after Good Friday. She was to have steamed off again on the Sunday, but it proved to be impossible to leave the harbour of Algiers till Tuesday night.

The *Adria* was no ocean leviathan of thousands

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of horse-power, with a huge screw cleaving the blue billows, but a cockle-shell of 700 tons—a small fraction of the tonnage of the *Deutschland* or the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. The hand of Time had furrowed her sides, and she bore the scars of many battles with wind and weather. Her narrow funnel pointed modestly to the sky, and a thin column of smoke floated quietly away, as if it wished to remain unnoticed, and to be lost in the dark, rolling, exuberant smoke-clouds of her mighty neighbour—a German liner.

A very different craft was this neighbour, with full sides smilingly reflected in the blue waters, glorying in her magnificent strength, and belching forth from her two yellow funnels the visible sign of her internal power.

Germany and Austria-Hungary! Involuntarily I recognised how well the two ships symbolized the states of their respective countries: one, product of the civilization of a proud empire, with a powerful, unified, stable government; and the other, the miserable output of a kingdom torn by the intrigues of innumerable place-seekers, and its activities enfeebled and disintegrated.

One must travel in order to realize the misery and confusion of our Fatherland, and comparisons

will show us to what a pass politics have brought our unhappy country.

But let us leave the sad thoughts engendered by patriotic feeling and return to the beautiful African coast.

Algiers lay before us, radiantly white and lovely under the shimmering brilliance of the sunshine. High in the blue eternity of the heavens scurried the fleecy clouds, boding ill for our voyage, but the *Adria*, undisturbed, began to start her engines, and moved away from her neighbour like a duckling from the side of a swan.

She headed for the open sea, and Algiers, the white vision in a blue dream, faded away as pleasure fades under the rude hand of Time, till at last it disappears into the darkness of oblivion.

I sat myself on the captain's bridge, for this modest bearer of our country's flag had no promenade deck, to take a parting look at the country in whose palmy solitudes I had passed so many happy hours. As I gazed a golden light flooded the whole sky, and through the glow the great disk of the sun, burning red, dipped slowly into the sea, stretching out its rays far and wide to the waves. The lofty mountains of the desert, rising against the sky, were tinged with purple

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hues, which grew every moment less vivid, and turned shade by shade to colder and colder greys, till finally a veil of sadness fell on the mighty towering chain of rocks. Then the most glorious colours tinted the whole firmament—delicate shades which the Pompeians alone knew how to paint. Gorgeous it was as an Arabian wedding. The sombre mantle of night slowly dimmed the changing splendour of the gold, green, red, and purple lights, and peace descended on the scene as softly as the wings of ministering angels.

The sea was motionless, and only the *Adria* broke the slumber of the waves, which washed reproachfully against her sides. The dinner-bell broke the spell, and reminded me that man, alas ! has an appetite that must be fed ; so I clambered down the precipitous stairs to the confined cabin, which served all the purposes of our social life. Four cabins led out from it. This completes the description of the interior of our little craft.

There were four passengers, counting myself, and at the head of the table sat the captain. He was a kind-hearted, good-natured man, who loved his ship, and loved talking of her. He spoke many tongues, and was extremely sociable. On my left sat an Indian of the sect of Zoroaster,

opposite an Englishman from Egypt, and next to him a Swiss. The captain was a Croat, the first mate an Italian, the second an Hungarian ; the engineer was a Servian, and on the deck was an Arabian Marabout from Mecca ; the stoker was a Chinaman, and I a Bohemian. We were, in truth, an exceptionally cosmopolitan company.

We were all in good spirits, and spoke chiefly of religion. The Indian was most entertaining ; this follower of Zoroaster was permeated with the idea of his faith, and he said his body would be eaten by the birds after his death, so that nothing should remain of it. He talked much of the fakirs, especially of those who by gazing stark naked all day at the sun gain the gift of prophecy, and can foretell all things. They live on milk alone, and remain in one spot for life ; and, after having tasted all earthly pleasures, they naturally renounce all earthly things. If one should demand from them an eye or their internal organs, they will tear out an eye or cut themselves open. *Qui vient de loin a beau mentir.*

The Swiss was interested in geography and politics ; to him Germany was everything—Trieste, in fact the whole of Austria, must become German. The captain good-naturedly

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made fun of all this nonsense. What wonderful tales he must have heard in the course of his travels !

The sea was calm when we went to rest, but when my servant woke me next morning the weather was rough, and the ship plunged and rolled in every direction, and we were five hours late in arriving at Oran.

A glance at the superbly situated town, surmounted by the old fort, built by the Moors on the summits of the rocks, repaid me for my discomfort. Here we stayed till the next morning. The captain decided at midday to make for the open sea, but he soon realized that the strength of his vessel was not equal to the stress of the merciless storm ; so he gave up the struggle with wind and weather, steered for a bay, and threw out both anchors. But even there the storm was so strong that he had to steam against the stream to prevent the anchor's chains from parting.

In Oran a company of musicians came on board and enlivened us all with songs and airs upon the guitar. After dinner I made them give a special performance. Among the female artistes was an exceedingly pretty girl, scarcely full grown, who aroused my admiration, and I bade her sing the

“Baja.” Whereupon another woman rose from her seat and flounced away with angry looks. This was the prima donna, whose professional pride was wounded. Baja sang so badly that I cut short her performance. The prima donna should then have sung, but it was found she had gone away ; however, after some search she was brought back. Meanwhile Baja became sea-sick, and was twitted by the prima donna, who declared *she* was never ill. She sang her first song successfully, but by the second her cheeks had already taken the symptomatic purple hue ; nevertheless, she bravely attacked her third, but had overestimated her powers, for she too succumbed, thus bringing the performance to a premature close.

And now that the artistes were incapacitated we had only the Indian left. He showed us his passport, covered with official stamps of every Government in the world, which interested us much. His business in Tangier I could not discover, though it is possible—as he had a wide knowledge of Islam—that he was going to Morocco in the service of the English Government.

It was horribly tedious on our rocking cockleshell, and four days passed in wearisome idling.

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I ate and drank all I could. The only meat was ham, for our ship was not provisioned for a harbourless voyage. We could "borrow" nothing from the cargo, for the whole only amounted to 11 tons. You can imagine the result of so little ballast and such a sea. On the fourth day I urged the captain to get under way, and he consented. At first our rate of passage was very slow—only three knots an hour—but later it rose to five, and the next day to seven. Then we felt as though borne upon a torpedo boat, and exulted when the roaring waves dashed their spray high over the decks of the little *Adria*.

The musicians also had recovered, and Baja sat crouched up in a heap, her white cheeks contrasting with her raven black hair like ivory and ebony. She had glorious eyes, with a glow in them like the light on old Spanish red wine. From time to time her lips parted, and the flash of her teeth was as white as almond blossoms; but as yet she showed no further animation: *mal de mer* had rendered her limp and spiritless. When we reached the harbour the French Consul took charge of her, and, as she was under age, she was forced to return to Oran.

Tangier is a typical Mohammedan town, clinging

to the fairly steep ascent like white moss. From the sea of flat roofs rise the cupolas and towers of the mosques, and a green fringe of cacti and palms surrounds the whole picture. On the eastern side, nestling in the yellow sand of the little Tangier desert, peep forth the European houses from their encircling green. Behind stretches the Spanish coast, Gibraltar's rock looks like a huge Roman nose jutting out to sea, and Tarifa shimmers in the sunshine.

In the harbour lay a gigantic French cruiser, *Jeanne d'Arc*, with six funnels and many cannon pointing their long sinister barrels on Tangier.

Alongside this forbidding, menacing monarch danced a little yacht, the symbol of comfort and pleasure. Near by were three freight steamers, genuine traders, boasting neither luxury nor power, but designed for utility alone.

At last, after much patience, suffering, and self-control, we had reached our goal.

Before us lay Morocco—Morocco, the stumbling-block of statesmen and diplomatists, the subject of many books; Morocco, that holds the breath of nations, that has well-nigh kindled the flames of an European war, and is now the bloody field of many violent deeds. Here is the

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scene of Raisuli's exploits, here the Sultan raises his enforced loans, here the Mahalla gain their victories, and here everything is promised by the Maghzen.

Forward! I sprang into the boat, and we made for the harbour. On reaching land I mounted an ass, which carried me with philosophic stolidity into the city.

II

Seen from the harbour, Tangier looks as though thousands of pigeons in their snowy whiteness had settled on the coast; but Tangier is not—like Fez, Elcazar, or Larache—a daughter of Allah in the true sense of the term. The scum of European barbarism obtrudes on the senses at every step. Many modern buildings, mere smiling caves of hungry robbers, spoil the harmony of this Arabian poem in stone. Is it not strikingly remarkable that a town only two hours' distance from Gibraltar, on the great trade waterway of the world, should have preserved for 2,000 years a civilization now existing in Europe only under the lava and ashes of Vesuvius?

This is what makes Morocco so wonderful! And there, opposite, so near that you can almost

stretch your arm across to it, lies Spain, the extremity of Europe, smiling, sunlit, and peaceful, with no outward suggestion that it is the home of human beasts of prey.

At the entrance to the city is the Custom-house, and there the white parasites of officialdom begin their attack. Allah knows nothing of such customs—we alone, barbarians as were the robber knights of old, leave none in peace, and plunder our harmless fellow-men under the cover of laws which we robbers have made for ourselves.

No sooner have we escaped the hands of these highwaymen than we are in the true Orient. There behind the Custom-house begins Morocco, which, until the time of the Algeciras Conference, had been able to protect itself from the poisoned breath of European civilization.

We went through incredibly ill-paved alleys, riddled with holes—not such as may be seen in some lanes of Vienna, but enormous cavities, whence even waggon, having once fallen in, could not be extricated. But why *should* the people have well-made roads? They have no waggon or carriages, and instead of repairing the streets they accustom themselves, their horses and asses, to the holes and ruts.

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The people have lived happily thus for many hundred years—in fact, more happily than if they had broken stones in the hot sun. Theirs is the happiness of Diogenes, born of absence of desire and *dolce far niente*.

A great road leads from the harbour to the large and small markets, which are called the Sôkko. All the sites here have been taken by the European bandits from the former possessors. Already in the Little Sôk are European houses ; English, German, and French post-offices ; shops, cafés, and the newly erected State Bank of Morocco—the den of thieves *par excellence*. But below and above the Little Sôk is the home of the true Moorish life. The magistrate administers his office in an open booth, and shops displaying native products line the road to the Great Sôk. The Great Sôk has entirely preserved its Arabian character ; even the German Legation does not disturb the harmony, for it has been built in Moorish style. The English church, too, is a very beautiful example of Arabian architecture. The Hôtel de France is the only building which is a direct insult to the beautiful place. The Great Sôk swarms with people, asses, mules, horses. Tents are pitched higgledy-piggledy, and every-

THE KASBAH, TANGIER

where stand tables with fly-covered delicacies. Human figures crouching on the ground barter lime, branches of trees, bread, other things for daily use, and even women. Among them move the blacks, carrying on their shoulders water in goat-skins, which they sell and serve out in bowls. They ring a bell loudly as they go, and if this does not attract enough attention, they shout and yell, regardless of the bystanders' nerves. In Naples there is a statue from Herculaneum, presenting with astonishing likeness the type of the present-day water-bearer. He belongs to a caste that has its own traditional customs. Even his gait is peculiar, and all these water-bearers have this same movement. The Moroccan carriers are blacks : the street comedians come from the same race ; they execute dances, and cut horrible grimaces.

A holy man, with a necklace of cowrie shells and a green robe, wanders round the Sôk. Everywhere he moves the people kiss his hands and shoulders, and in return for gifts of money he foretells them happy futures. There is in Tangier only one of these holy men, Fez is blessed with many.

In the Sôkko at Tangier may be found the

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story-teller. Men, women, and children stand in a half-circle round him, listening while he relates a thrilling story with dramatic gestures. He stops at the most exciting moment, so that he may secure his audience for the next day. He takes no entrance money, but relies on small gifts. What a contrast is there between this refinement and our European barbarism! Here, rich and poor alike may enjoy the treat, each giving what he can spare; with us, exploiters guard the entrance, and only those are allowed to partake of the pleasure who voluntarily submit to robbery—called the Price of Admission.

In the middle of the Sôk a troupe of acrobats performs the whole day long; they come from Timbuctoo, the Arabian Paris, source of all that is enchanting and immoral. The people throng to see this performance. The performers are dressed just like our travelling acrobats, and the clown plays the chief part. They make no fixed charge, but the head of the troupe describes the wonders to be performed, and harangues till people begin to pay. Then he does what he has promised. The tricks and performances are also accompanied by music; in fact, it is a kind of circus.

Whoever observes this Sôk, and the multitude of people bargaining and conversing without dispute or quarrelling, must do honour to their refinement. In Europe not twenty men can be together without quarrelling. It seems to me that perhaps the Mohammedan treatment of women is the reason for this harmony. We quarrel chiefly about women, or are incited by them, and here that source of strife is non-existent.

The Sôk serves many purposes; here punishments are executed and the great religious observances held. Justice in Morocco is primitive and cruel. Mohammed has written in the Koran what deeds are punishable, but has left the judge to allot the punishment. It depends, therefore, entirely upon whether the judge is a humane or a brutal man. Imprisonment is seldom inflicted, for who shall keep and provide for the prisoner?

The Jews have their own laws and judges. The Moors have always distinguished themselves for their good treatment of the Jews, the reason being that the exiled Spanish Jews wandered to Morocco, conducted by the Rabbi Daniel Toledano, and their descendants live in Tangier to this day. At the time of the nineteenth Rabbi of the

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family of Toledano, the Sultan drew up a written contract exactly defining the rights and duties of the Jews. So the Jews form a State within a State. The common recognition of this is attested by the fact that in 1864 Baron Montefiore represented himself, and was acknowledged in Fez, as the Ambassador of the Jews. The present Ambassador is called Nahon et Pariente.

Religious festivals are also held in the Sôk. During my stay I had the good fortune, on the occasion of the Feast of Mouled, to see the dance of the Aissauï and the Hamadshas. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon ; the Sôk was full of people ; women were seated on the roofs, all waiting breathlessly for the performance to begin. Men appeared in the portal of the gate carrying flags—like our church flags. Four flags were placed in the direction of the path to be presently pursued, and four remained by the gate ; behind these were posted the musicians upon mules ; in the space between the flag-bearers were the Aissauï, the adherents of the sect founded by Sidi Mhamed Ben Aissa.

This Sidi Ben Aissa was a holy man, a Sherif, descendant of the Prophet, and lived at the beginning of the sixteenth century in Mekines.

He was extremely holy, and worked miracles. He prayed so much that he had no time left for sleep; so, to prevent himself from dozing during his pious exercises, he let his hair grow long, and tied his head up with it, so that it should not sink forward. Therefore his followers, the Aissai, wear their hair long and throw it about like a mane.

Ben Aissa enjoined politeness, brotherly love, charity, and self-control, and was, therefore, given the name of Shaik el Kamel, or the perfect Shaik; but all these qualities would not have sufficed to gain him so many adherents had he not also worked miracles.

In his time the Portuguese were in possession of part of the country, and a woman, whose son had been carried off as prisoner, hastened to demand help from Sidi Ben Aissa. Ben Aissa, probably in order to be rid of her, said: "Go to thy house, and thou shalt find thy son." She went and found him there; he had effected his escape by flight. When Ben Aissa's renown eventually grew so great that people came from all parts of the country to see him, the Sultan wished to banish him from Mekines. The story runs that Ben Aissa then took a bladder, inflated it, and thereupon the Sultan was himself afflicted

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with a swelling; but on hearing the cause of his affliction, he withdrew his decree, and became well again.

The curious thing is that this holy man should have founded such a sect. He preached self-control and self-abnegation. In order to test his disciples he demanded that twelve of them, instead of offering up lambs, should voluntarily sacrifice themselves at the Aid el Kebir. All declared themselves willing, but he refused their offers. He personally always practised the strictest self-mortification, and initiated his disciples in the practice; and they subsequently went to such extremes as to eat living animals, cactus fruit, and many such things.

These practices, at first merely means to an end, became the end itself. They tear open the stomach of living animals with their nails, and eat the smoking flesh of the still trembling body. It is even more frightful to see them eat the fruit of the cactus, for the sharp thorns tear the flesh of the mouth, and, by piercing the intestines, often lead to death.

To be initiated into the order a man must go to the descendants of Ben Aissa in Mecca and be ordained, as it were. Even this first ceremony is

fairly unpleasant. When this is over, he is given a name, say Tiger, Lion, or Jackal, and must eat living animals; if he is given the title of Camel, he has to eat prickly fruit. These are the followers of the highest grade, who eat poisonous snakes in public places. Beside these are those of the second and third rank, the Gyonlyin and Hartyin. The former execute horrible dances, uttering cries of various animals; while the latter dance in a more restrained manner. The priests, dressed similarly to those in our own churches, publicly eat snakes and toads of all kinds.

I wanted to see the performance at close quarters, but a soldier took my horse by the bridle and led me away, because before the Aissai begin their dance they take some stimulating drug, which puts them into such ecstasies that they are dangerous to man and beast. The musicians meanwhile play an air something like the Czardas. The Aissai, men, women, and children, form a circle round the priest and dance like mad people. All the limbs and parts of the body are in violent movement, and the head is thrown round and round and backwards and forwards in such a manner that one of the Aissai fall down about every two minutes. This goes

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on for hours, till they fall to the ground from exhaustion. The gyrations of the mops of hair are fascinating to watch. From time to time they raise their hands to heaven with the piercing cry, "Jobhana Eddaim !" (Eternal glory !) Looking round, it was curious to note how the onlookers sympathetically danced also ; even my companion, one of the Portuguese Legation, made Aissauï movements.

After these religious maniacs have danced themselves nearly dead, they set out on their pilgrimage to Mekines—said to be very beautiful. It was built by white slaves, and it is related that when any one of them became exhausted with his labour he was immured alive.

The treasure of the Sultan is said to be kept in a subterranean cellar, and guarded by black slaves, who are condemned never to see the light of day while they live.

While the Mouled Festival lasts, and all pilgrims flock thither, the Aissauï are lords of the city for fourteen days, and during that time the Jews are shut into their houses.

The Aissauï are sent for to heal the sick and to prophesy. In time of drought they beseech Allah to send rain. If these prayers are of no avail, a

never-failing means is resorted to. Seventy thousand stones are gathered together, and over each stone a charm must be pronounced, and the stones put in a sack and laid in the river. When rain at last comes, then the sack is drawn out of the river. This is most efficacious. On one occasion the rain came in such torrents that the stones could not be withdrawn, and the water rose and flooded the town. The Aissauï play an important part in Moroccan life, and are to be found in every town.

Eight days after the occurrence I have just described a similar celebration took place—the dance of the Hamadshas. As before, the Sôk was crowded with men, women, and children, and all the alleys were full of bustling life. At four o'clock came the flag-bearers, and the same music, played from the backs of mules, that we heard for the Aissauï. An old priest, in white robes, began the holy dance in the midst of a dancing circle, from time to time slashing himself on the head with a curiously constructed chopper, till the blood streamed down his face. Two by two the Hamadshas advanced into the circle, going through the same performance till the blood flowed freely and they fell fainting to the ground.

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The old priest was carried round among them, and gave his blessing to the faithful, murmuring many incoherent words. Even children take part in this orgy of blood. The Hamadshas also wound themselves with the impact of great balls, thrown in the air and allowed to fall on their heads. Unskilful throwers kill themselves, or are rendered unconscious, and have to be carried away. These are, surely, among the most appalling exhibitions of religious madness anywhere to be found.

The day after these orgies I went for a walk with Fox-Pitt, and as we were crossing the Sôk a tremendous uproar arose; soldiers armed with sticks passed us hurriedly, people were eagerly running forward, and we could see the sticks being raised in the air. Forced forward by the crowd, we wound our way among the yelling people in time to see a European being hustled out of a small booth. The soldiers were protecting him from the fury of the crowd, and as they led him along they soundly cuffed him at every step. I should not have believed it possible for a man to survive such a rain of blows.

What could have happened? I soon discovered. A Spaniard, it seemed, had had some quarrel with

another Spaniard, and the soldiers wanting to part them, the Spaniard drew a revolver and shot one of them in the leg. Hence the whole disturbance. Such breaches of the peace greatly annoy the Arabs, who are a peaceful race. The culprit was taken to the Spanish Consulate and handed over to the Spanish Courts of Justice.

I asked the soldiers why they had beaten him so. They replied, the Consul would not be likely to punish him, so they determined to give him something to take away with him in remembrance. So little confidence have the Moors in the justice of the white barbarians! I suggested to the men that the Sultan should adopt the precedent set by the French, who had occupied Oujda owing to the *affaire* Marchand, and take Cadiz for the Spaniard's offence. To this idea they heartily subscribed. Unluckily, the only warship of the Sultan was under repair.

III

There is much social life in Tangier. The Diplomatic Corps is composed of young men— young, relatively speaking, for fifty is not old for a diplomat, especially if he has a young and pretty wife. In Tangier all the diplomats, if they are

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married at all, have young and pretty wives, and they all live in beautiful houses, particularly the German and English section. Soldiers guard the entrances, and after dark the watch calls the time every five minutes, which is very disturbing till you get used to it.

Every kind of sport, polo, football, tennis, is possible in Tangier. Balls, even masked balls, are given, and there is no escaping tea and dinner parties. I had the impression that Arabian culture had beneficially influenced the Diplomatic Corps. Or is it that Europeans feel more drawn to each other when sojourning in a strange land?

In the Diplomatic Corps there are the Pro-Moors and the Anti-Moors. When I arrived at Tangier I was an Anti-Moor, because on landing a Moorish fellow had cheated me, but the tender hands of a pretty woman opened my blind eyes and made me see.

An old friend, who some years ago had been at the Legation in Vienna, telephoned to me the second day after my arrival to go and dine with her ; so I ordered a mule for one o'clock, in order to be there in one and a half hours, but the mule did not arrive, and so I had to go on foot. The way was long, and the rays of the sun beat down

like a solar hailstorm. A small Arab accompanied me, and shouted our business to every passer-by. At last I reached the Legation, which lay in smiling peacefulness behind a grove. The blossoming orange-trees filled the air with fragrance, and everything around quivered in the burning beams. An old Arab, with flowing beard and richly embroidered robes, took my hat and stick. The house itself was Moorish, but everything in it European. I was late, and feared the hostess's wrath, but she received me smilingly, and with no trace of ill-temper ; my stammering apologies were waved aside—in Tangier one is accustomed to late arrivals—and we went in to dine.

There were others there, among them Fox-Pitt, my companion in later journeys.

Our hostess had been five years in Tangier ; she had come from Vienna, and was still as true a Viennese as if she had never left it, though she was American by birth. The two years she had spent in Vienna, though then not much more than a child, had made her quite an Austrian. On the walls hung photographs of Viennese, even of my own relatives.

The conversation after dinner became very

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interesting ; it betrayed no tone of arrogant conquest, but was influenced by the mind of this refined and cultured woman, a type only to be found among Anglo-Saxon races. She had been five years in this country, and had observed everything around her with the eye and ear of an artist. She charmed me into that attitude of brotherly love for all men to which poets alone are *always* sensitive.

She proclaimed the right of a people to their own country—the right to adhere to their own customs and manners, as well as their right to govern themselves.

She compared the people to members of her own family, who could not develop their natures and possibilities unless free to do so in the manner natural to them. To understand is to forgive—nay, often also to respect. We Europeans habitually despise and under-estimate what we do not understand, although we are the upstarts of civilization compared to the Jews, Indians, and Arabians. We are the *nouveaux riches*. Where grew the roots of our own culture? In these very races that thousands of years before us were the upholders of a great civilization.

Just as a rich and successful banker should respect an impoverished nobleman, so we should have a reverent admiration for a people to whom we owe so much, and whom we have subjected through our bloodthirsty lust of conquest and craving for gold. No one has a right to disturb any slumbering nation content with its own condition.

So she spoke, fired with the love of justice and the Anglo-Saxon respect for foreign civilizations.

We met often after this, and one day arranged a little excursion. We rode, accompanied by a charming Frenchwoman, to a hill-side covered with olive-trees. On my left rode the Frenchwoman, slender as a cedar of Lebanon, with hair dark as the raven's wing ; and on my right my friend, in her fair simplicity and tenderness. Thus, between the glory of night and radiancy of day, I galloped under the palms of that strange country. Among the shady olives stretching down the stony slope we found breakfast awaiting us. Near by was an Arabian cemetery, with sacred trees—a peaceful refuge between the rocks, whence we could look far away over the country. The sea was sparkling in the sunshine, and the white surf encircled the coast as with a pearly necklace. Some dis-

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tance inland white tents, the home of a party of pig-stickers, were visible. It was a dream of beauty ; the peaceful spirits of the dead seemed to hover around us in the whispering of the leaves, stirred by the gentle sea-breeze.

A discussion arose, but our French companion could not follow the flight of our idealistic fancies. She was no Pro-Moor ; she was true French, and in her eyes everything else was pure barbarism. It was impossible to argue with her. How hard it always is to discuss with lovely women ! When one believes they are convinced they part their lips, show a dazzling row of pearls, and give an arch glance, which clearly says one is a fool. But even that is charming ! Besides, the Frenchwoman was not a fanatic, and she may have been right to see Morocco less *couleur de rose* than we did.

There are also other foreign residents in Morocco besides diplomats and ambassadors ; one is an Englishman of the third generation. This gentleman has the most exquisite garden of its kind I have ever seen. On Sunday morning I was sitting on the terrace of the Villa Palentina, when a lady of my acquaintance invited me to go and see " Brooke's Garden." In the south of the

town, on a gently sloping hill, lay garden above garden ; in the midst, a small house, where a luxuriant clematis, blue as the eyes of my companion, shaded the dwelling like a veil made from the firmament itself. A palm of unusual size dropped its green tracery across our path.

The air was filled with delightful scents, sweet sounds, and graceful movements ; glistening blackbirds flitted here and there, wood-pigeons cooed with sweet monotony, great black ravens floated away on heavy wing before us, and in the branches twittered and fluttered an innumerable host of feathered folk.

I was reluctant to leave this lovely spot, where all was love and beauty.

There is a vigorous political life in Tangier. Committees sit every day, but that does not prevent undue attention being given to the social life.

CHAPTER II

VILLA PALENTINA

SOME way out of the town, perched high on hilly ground, the Villa Palentina basks in the sun among its palm-trees—a veritable Tyrolean home.

Frau Hell, the hostess, is the ruling spirit of the Villa Palentina ; her untiring energy is wonderful. I can truly say that when abroad I have seldom been proud of anything from my own country, but I was distinctly proud of our Tyrolean home in Tangier. Villa Palentina is no hotel ; it is a villa where Frau Hell warmly welcomes her guests ; and when one remembers that every drop of water has to be bought, and that the daily provisioning of the house is an achievement of immense difficulty, one marvels that it is possible to live so well and cheaply. Everything was good there, far better than in the great hotels of Algiers and Tunis. Why do our countrymen go to the distant and expensive Cairo,

when near at hand, charming and cheap, is Tangier ?

Villa Palentina entertained many guests. In the little dining-room a motley collection of people was gathered round one table—diplomats, with no house of their own ; Swiss officers, waiting in vain for the erection of a police-station ; hungry capitalists, engineers, merchants, adventurers, an artist, and myself, a refugee, banished from his Fatherland because he had spoken the truth in Parliament, and whose liberty was therefore threatened. We spoke many tongues, and lived together as one family.

The artist was an Englishman with the curious name of Fox-Pitt. What an irony of Fate to unite the two greatest of political opponents in one name ! Here was also an English captain who had been badly wounded in the Boer War ; we two had fought against each other at Jacobstal, but that opposition has all been forgotten.

It is not long since no Englishman would speak to me because I had fought on the side of the Boers, and now Botha has been fêted in England like a crowned head. But, after all, was it not logical that I, ardent upholder of the belief that every nation has a right to its own national life,

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should take the part of a small nation struggling for its existence?

Did England not admittedly do a great wrong in fighting the Boers? But I did not fight against England—*that* I have always loved like my native land—but against injustice, and now England has behaved with true *noblesse oblige*, and has restored to the Boers their just rights.

After the Boer War, when I was taken prisoner to England seven years ago, I dined with Mr. Balfour in London, who said to me: "As far as it is possible, we shall give the Transvaal self-government." This intention of the Conservatives has been carried out by the Liberals, for all parties in Great Britain are Englishmen. England spilt her blood and spent her money for honour's sake, and then magnanimously refused to exercise her power.

What a height of culture! It will take the Continent long to attain such magnanimity of spirit.

Time, healer of all things, has bridged the gulf which once divided me from the English.

So here we were, all good friends, bound together by a common love of whist and bridge.

About twelve miles from Tangier very good

pig-sticking is to be had. The small world—that is, the élite—journey to Kafia Kab to live in tents while the pig-hunting lasts. A retired English colonel, who invited me to take part, led the hunt, and was a most enthusiastic pig-sticker. Continental pensioned officers spend their days in cafés talking of their wrongs, and generally finding fault with everything, but the retired English officers seek active hobbies and occupations. Not only the colonel, but his wife and daughter too, were full of the sport, and the wife had the good luck to spear the largest hog in Morocco. The colonel had kindly provided me with horse, tent, and a spear, and I rode with Fox-Pitt for companion.

It was a glorious morning, and as we left the heights of Tangier the sea lay shining before us and the land receded into the dim distance. A great rock ran out into the sea, and on the other side we could see Spain, with its great mountains and yellow, shining sands. Our way led inland through an artificial plain to a narrow, well-worn path winding beside the hills ; on one of them glimmered under the palms a white koubba, the grave of a holy man.

The whole of this gentle slope is planted with

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olives. It is a sacred grove ; were it not so the people would have felled it long before.

We passed two lonely, empty houses, the insecurity of recent times having compelled the inhabitants to take refuge in the city.

After a journey of two hours, we arrived at Kafia Kab. Little white tents were dotted everywhere among the dwarf palms of the district. It was quite a town swarming with life—horses, mules, and picturesque Arabs at every step, and behind all the open sea. We could see the waves kissing the rocks, and even hear their murmur, as of secrets whispered to the land.

The noise of our horses' hoofs aroused the dwellers of the tents, and they crawled cautiously out to see the arrivals—always an event.

We met many friends, and, after a social glass of whisky and soda, set out on the hunt. Everyone had a long spear except the English parson, who carried a camera instead. Numberless dogs followed the colonel, who was mounted on a splendid full-blood Arab with flowing mane and tail.

A small rocky hill overlooked the plain, and from here the ladies who were not taking part watched the hunt. We rode forward ; on each

side grew thick bushes, and in the middle was a dried-up swamp. The riders were divided into parties of twos and threes, and a shot gave the signal for the hunt to begin.

I rode with the wife of the colonel. On each side drivers were beating the bushes, and when a pig showed itself they fired off a shot.

Partly hidden by young cork oaks, we watched the plain with keen eyes, and rode forward at a gallop whenever we caught sight of a pig. The sun was dazzlingly hot, and the air visibly trembled above the dried brown vegetation.

Cows and sheep grazed peacefully, ignoring us entirely. A little further off two camels could be seen in the green, but they only lifted their heads in momentary astonishment, then turned unconcerned to resume their feeding. Quite a young one, but a few days old, blue-grey in colour, like fresh clay, attempted to run away, but its four long legs were evidently not yet skilled in movement, and the baby camel cut a very droll figure in its awkward haste.

We waited a long time, and I was beginning to despair of a quarry, when a group of the riders galloped furiously past us. We followed, and came up just in time to see an English colonel

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from Gibraltar overtake a pig and lance him. The enraged beast turned on the horse, wounding its foot, when, the other riders attacking it, the pig, fatally wounded, ran into the bushes, and fell dead near the edge. We all now adjourned for breakfast, and found a fragrant meal awaiting us on the hill. The parson tried to photograph the hunting-party, and was arranging the position of the group when three wild pigs rushed from the bushes. He seized his camera and hastily fled, while the men sprang to their horses and managed to kill all three of the unexpected guests.

Our hunting-ground was full of holes and hillocks, and the speed of the galloping horses made the sport a very dangerous one.

Only the day before a rather bad accident occurred. A Spanish diplomat had stuck a wild boar, holding his lance under his shoulder after the manner of the knights of old. The lance piercing the boar in the breast brought the rider off his horse. The wounded animal rushed at once upon the Spaniard and ripped up his arm and leg. It might have been worse, for the boar could easily have killed him. As the horse going at full speed cannot bring up on the spot, but

gallops onwards, the rider often comes off when the lance pierces the animal. Accidents are naturally always happening, and it is just the dangerous nature of the prey, of course, that makes the sport so exciting.

We then returned to camp, and spent the evening in the company of the ladies. Whilst we were here we succeeded in getting Mr. Hawkins, who had arranged the camp at his own expense, to arrange our journey to Fez, for Fox-Pitt and I had agreed to make this expedition together. The Ambassadors, however, warned us, and would not accept any responsibility. Other prudent advisers also said the time was unfavourable, for during the Feast of Mouled all the religious fanatics were on pilgrimages, and might attack us on the road ; but we held fast to our plan, and agreed to set out on the 20th.

CHAPTER III

THE JOURNEY TO FEZ

AT six o'clock in the evening we left Tangier, amid the cheers and good wishes of our fellow-guests at Villa Palentina. Our caravan awaited us in Kafa Kab, where we were to pass the night. I felt too impatient to enjoy taking three hours to get there, and so I galloped on in the dusk, trusting to my Transvaal experience to help me find the way.

Night fell very rapidly, and in the darkness I confused one hill with another, and thus lost my way. When I reached the chain of hills and found no camp I was completely at a loss. As the neighbourhood of Tangier had been very unsafe recently, and several Europeans had been killed when only a few miles from the city, I knew it was a very risky thing to ride to an Arabian village, especially as I could not speak a word of Arabic. But there was nothing for it but

THE 1E7 ROAD OUTSIDE TANGIER

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to gallop for the huts I could just see in the falling twilight. The dogs made a great noise at my approach, and two men with muskets rushed forth to meet me. I called out the only Arabic word I knew, "Bashador !" (Ambassador), whereupon they lowered their muskets and came to me with a more friendly mien. To all their questions I only answered, "Alemann Bashador" and "Pig-sticking," showing with gestures how one stuck a pig with a lance. They then understood, and took the bridle of my horse. I said "Alemann Bashador," because the German Minister was then in the pig-sticking camp, and I thought they would take me there. So I rode with these weird protectors through the darkness under the palms.

It was not very reassuring when they presently cocked their muskets, but it appeared it was meant for the common enemy. After ten minutes' ride, lights appeared ; it was the camp. I gave them a duro each and galloped off. My English friend and his guide met the two men, who explained what had happened to me. They thought they had been guiding the German Minister, and were full of praises of his generosity. The word "Bashador" had been most useful, as

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the people seemed to have had special instructions to protect the Ambassadors.

We did not leave the camp till midday, and then only made a short march, for our chief, Mr. Hawkins, formerly an English officer, and now owner of an export business in Tangier, could not make the arrangements earlier. So we really did not set out till April 21.

All the alarmist tales we had heard in Tangier proved without foundation.

We had not a weapon among us. Even our dragoman—a soldier, and I think of the rank of a colonel—was unarmed. What use would arms be? What danger a caravan runs when someone makes unnecessary or untimely use of a gun! I was very insistent that our expedition should be unarmed, and Fox-Pitt was quite of the same view. He said truly, arms were a provocation. Travellers in a strange land, and relying on the hospitality of the people, should not irritate them by appearing armed. It is at least a want of delicacy to threaten with weapons people in their own country.

At six o'clock we reached a small village at the foot of the Red Mountain. We could still see the sea, and before us a large plain covered with

palms. We afterwards learnt that this Red Mountain district was the most dangerous territory of any in our journey. We camped outside the village, under the shadow of an enormous hollow sacred cork oak.

Our caravan consisted of four horses and sixteen pack mules, and heavily loaded these poor creatures were. We had a huge tent for a dining and reception room, which we called the "Jockey Club," and each of us—my own servants included—had his own tent, and there was one large one for the kitchen. Each mule-driver also had his. So we were quite a travelling village, which took us two hours to erect.

The friendliness of the people puzzled us, in view of the alarming tales we had heard.

They came and seated themselves in a large half-circle thirty or forty steps from us, and watched all proceedings with silent interest. The children formed another group. When it grew dark an armed watch sat two by two before the tents.

We were all fast asleep when a continuous fusillade awoke me, and I thought there must be a regular battle going on. We were told the next morning that this firing was merely to make

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bandits aware that the villagers were on the watch. Shooting is a great excitement for the Arab, and he uses every opportunity to fire off a shot.

In the light of a magnificent sunrise we broke up the camp and packed our belongings. Our muleteers were wonders for work and quickness. When the whole camp had disappeared the half-wild dogs came and picked up the food scraps that remained. My dog Schnauzi repeatedly made vain rushes at them, but they simply showed their teeth, raised their bristles, and stood their ground.

At last the caravan moved forward, the drivers uttering the most comprehensive curses to urge on the asses. Their exertions to keep the wandering animals in the right track made the men travel double the distance.

The way to Fez is very characteristic of the country. It consists of deeply worn, tortuous paths, sometimes many running parallel, sometimes one alone, and it leads over the Red Mountain. The footing of the Moroccan horses is marvellous.

We camped that night in Ouled Mousa. As we neared the village we met a woman, who, with a gesture of her hand, made a sign of decapitation.

Our dragoman asked what she meant, and learned that three holy men had just visited the place and preached the doctrine that all Europeans should be beheaded.

However, we met none but friendly people in Ouled Mousa. In the early morning, as the children sat squeezed together in a half-circle around us, I gave a peseta to a very pretty little girl, who ran straight into the village with it. Whereupon the whole village came up and demanded money. Poor Mr. Hawkins had much ado to get rid of them. It is characteristic of the Moors that they think no shame of begging. Even the rich do it.

The next day we reached Elcazar el Kebir. It is a beautiful little place, defended merely by a deep moat. Twilight was falling as we approached. The minarets showed high above the dwarfed houses, and on every minaret sat a stork. Above our head circled a flight of them. They looked like angels of peace, spirits of happiness descending from heaven in the cool of evening on the haunts of man. Storks are to be seen everywhere in this land of the shepherd.

“Elcazar” means “fortress,” and “El Kebir” “great.” It was built here by Sultan Yacoub el

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Mansur to defend the River Loukhos, which empties itself into the sea at Larache. It lies in a valley, bordered on one side by high mountains. Most picturesque it is, and its beauty is enhanced by the great number of palms shading the holy places.

It is very difficult to estimate the number of the population. The English Consul put it at about 8,000 or 10,000. The people live by trading, and the unrest in the land has been bad for them. Raisuli is only two days' journey from the place. The English Consul knew him well, and fancied the Sultan would make peace with him, as two emissaries had been sent to him. We afterwards learned that they had been taken prisoners—one killed, and the other held in ransom. Raisuli put out his eyes before releasing him. This happened the day we camped at Elcazar. Mr. Carlton has known the country from childhood, and is much loved and respected among the people. He is practically ruler of Elcazar.

The people are very well intentioned, though so near the district of the bandits. We took advantage of the popularity of Mr. Carlton to photograph some women washing. They did not, as usual, run away, but laughed and talked with us

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OUR CAMP AT HICAZAR

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in a very friendly way. One was very handsome—tattooed on the chin, as is the custom. When they saw my dog run into the water they threw stones for him to fetch, and were as delighted as children. They are frequently very beautiful, these Moorish women, finely built, slender, and with a pose only found in ancient Greek statues. Involuntarily one thinks of the statue of Demeter of Carthage. This, discovered only six years ago, can now be seen in Tunis, and is particularly distinguished by its graceful bearing. The goddess of the soil, of fruitfulness and growth, changed herself into a mortal woman and took refuge among men on earth, so runs the legend. Therefore she is represented simply as an ordinary woman, but with a divine carriage. All Moorish women have this divine bearing. These slender women going to the well, holding with graceful arms the water-pitchers on their heads, might have stepped from the pages of the Bible. Everything about them speaks of pre-Christian times. The very water-jugs are identical with those found in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The Four Dancers of Herculaneum, that splendid work of art in the Museum at Naples, are of the type seen to-day in Moroccan villages. In the country

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districts the women go about unveiled, and can be seen and admired. The types vary a good deal. Round Tangier they are generally fat, with round, fleshy faces, but here they are more beautiful; others are of duskier hue, of Berber blood and quite another type.

Mr. Carlton regarded the disturbance as over, and believed there would be no further trouble. He insisted, though, that circumstances, not the military, should have credit for this. The military discipline is exceedingly bad, and the soldiers in Elcazar served no purpose but to degrade the morals of the town, in spite of the fact that the camp was under the command of an uncle of the Sultan. We met this uncle one day, a handsome old man, with snowy-white beard and snowy toga, mounted on a pure white Arab horse.

We left Elcazar the next morning, convinced by personal observation of Mr. Carlton's contention that the disposition of a people towards foreigners depends on the treatment meted out to them by the latter. This one Englishman, for example, speaking Arabic, and respecting the habits and customs of the people, had made the district of Elcazar well disposed towards the Europeans. Had the French but behaved like

this, they would not have needed to occupy Oujda, nor would their lives have been anywhere endangered.

Here was clear evidence that he who does not come among these refined Arabians as a barbarian will enjoy their respect and esteem.

Near by the town we crossed the Loukhos, where it ran deep, and there beheld a magnificent feast of colour. It was washing day in Elcazar, and all the women of the town, dressed in their gayest robes, were washing clothes in the river. They formed what looked like a huge flower-bed of poppies and cornflowers. Fox-Pitt rode up quite close, and, without causing any commotion, photographed them.

We made our way to Tarifa through a fruitful plain; spans of oxen were driving the plough, and there were everywhere signs of the industry of the white-robed Arabs. The barley was in ear, and the maize beginning to spring up. These, with broad beans and summer wheat, complete the list of field produce. Here most of the grain is gathered green.

Herds of cows and flocks of sheep, tended by youthful shepherds, dotted the white plain. We passed a well where sat a group of women. At

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first they were frightened, but a few silver coins quieted their fears, and they drew water for us from the well. One of them, tall and slender as a Moorish tower, had presently to relax her severe expression to a merry laugh, for Schnauzi melted her reserve by drinking the water drawn for us, and drew upon him first their reprimands and then their caresses. The Moors are great lovers of animals.

About midday we reached the crest of a hill, topped by a huge sacred tree. All trees to be seen are holy, for those that are not so blessed have been felled. The Arab can never leave a tree standing unless it has been pronounced sacred. A short distance before us a large tent village presented an animated scene. We heard music and singing, and saw crowds of people dancing and carrying flags. Round the tents sat women cooking. At first we thought it was a camp, but it turned out to be only a fair. In spite of a warning from the dragoman, I rode in among the people. They were mostly women and girls, buying and selling. The dancers with the flags were Aissai. Although the crowd gave me rather sinister looks, no one molested me. Two hours later we met the first caravan, consist-

ing of two Europeans, armed to the teeth, with an escort carrying cocked muskets. We afterwards heard they were two Frenchmen: M. Gironcourt, who had been nearly beaten to death in Fez; and M. Jourdan, a commercial traveller. But of what use would all their weapons have been were the Arabs not so peaceful and friendly a people?

Schnauzi was a source of great interest. The people had seen many Europeans, but never a dog of his kind. At the next village we stopped for a drink of water. The people were very friendly, and asked us to camp there on the return journey. Two young wives brought us some sour milk. One, not more than ten years of age, was very elfish, and chatted away with me, but, alas! I could not understand a word. One of the men had four wives grouped round him. The men felt my clothes, and asked why we dressed differently from them. The faces here are wonderfully expressive, something of the type of Christ's; yet, with all their beauty, they excel us in fortitude and endurance. For example, our muleteers break up the camp in the morning, march the whole day, set up the camp at night, and even then do not go at once to rest, but devote themselves to some amusement.

They tire so little that they sing, and even dance, while on the march. One of these men in particular seemed indefatigable. The post couriers, laden with sixteen kilogrammes (about thirty-three pounds), do the journey from Tangier to Fez in three days. Express couriers have been known to do this distance of $187\frac{1}{2}$ miles in thirty-six hours, and yet they are a marvellously abstemious people. They have a great weakness for sugar, and can empty a sugar bowl at a sitting.

We reached Tarifa that evening, and the next day we marched to the River Rdat, on whose banks we camped. At midday on the 26th we crossed the River Bougdour. The neighbouring Sebu is a large river, with a rushing torrent of water. Here we indulged in a cooling bath. In the evening we crossed the Sebu at Tekna. The water was high, and our crossing was attended with many difficulties. The men waiting on the bank for us undressed, and led the horses, struggling shoulder-deep in the water.

Schnauzi, carried away by the stream to a steep part of the bank which he could scarcely climb, was nearly drowned.

It is an interesting sight to watch a caravan of camels crossing deep water. In Tekna, on the

CROSSING THE SEBU

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steep banks of the Sebu, we camped. The endless plain stretched before us, with gigantic mountains in the distance. Near the bank of the river rose, like a monument, a group of grey-brown rocks.

It rained in torrents as we left Tekna, and the poor mules had a bad time ; however, we rode on, accompanied solely by the mule carrying our breakfast. About midday we halted and had a slight lunch. It was our intention to wait here till our caravan overtook us, but as at four o'clock we had seen nothing of them, Mr. Hawkins and our dragoman rode off to seek them. It turned out later that the caravan had taken another road and gone to Makes. We started sharply in pursuit, and rode till evening fell, but no caravan came in sight.

As we rode through Ben Amer in the gathering darkness, Schnauzi started to chase a sacred cat, which rushed into a small coffee-house near by, Schnauzi still pursuing. They knocked over everything in the place, and rushed madly forth again. This episode threw the people into a great agitation, so we tried quickly to get clear of the village ; but Mr. Hawkins and the dragoman were surrounded, and ominously threatened with

clenched fists; seeing this, we turned back. Some few shots were fired, but the dragoman succeeded at length in quieting the people. Kaid Mouley Dris came and forbade us to ride any farther, as the district was very dangerous.

He offered us accommodation for the night in an off-house. We accepted; the little place was cleared out, fresh mattresses were brought, and we lay down to rest, sentries to guard us having been posted everywhere. The Kaid himself overwhelmed us with polite attentions.

The only food obtainable was milk. We were wet through and hungry, but thousands of fleas set to work on us. Music and singing went on close by, so we left this happy hunting-ground, and took the sentinels with us to the neighbouring coffee-house, where Schnauzi and the sacred cat had created such a hubbub.

At first the proprietor would not serve us with any coffee, but as he was Algerian and spoke French I could explain matters to him, and after a while we were most friendly. We all had coffee, and two singers, accompanied by a mandoline, sang us wonderful Arabian songs. The subject of Moorish songs is always either religious, national, or amorous. The theme of the folk-

A MOORISH HUT

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songs is nearly always the loss of Andalusia. The expulsion from Spain is still an open wound to the Moors. I stayed here till far into the night, and discussed the questions of the day with the coffee-house keeper. Hatred of the French was the chief subject of the conversation.

The next day we started away in torrents of rain. We hoped to find our camp in Makes. We had been able to give our men no idea of our detention, because, owing to the prevailing insecurity of the district, no one would carry a message from the village in the night.

On our long ride we continually met parties of Aissauï returning from Mekines — dangerous-looking men with sinister faces, forcing us to keep our eyes on Schnauzi for fear they should eat him up.

Our caravan had started on the way to Fez as we reached Mekines, so we galloped on full tilt, and towards midday, after a five hour's ride, we reached the great plain of Sais. But not until we had made a bend round the chain of hills could we see Fez shining in the distance. Heavy clouds almost touching the ground were whirling in that direction, lowering grey and sombre on the blue hills. High above the glittering city, with

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its flagree of minarets, rose the mountain chain, the Zala, hidden in clouds. As we rode nearer and nearer Fez became less dreamlike. There at last before us was the city we had so longed to see, the famous capital of this land of marvels. Surrounded by great walls, like an old mountain fastness, the city stretched away before us. It brought Windsor to our minds. The old castelated walls and towers are quite in Elizabethan Gothic. It is evident England adopted the Moorish style of architecture, for these walls are older than the oldest castles or fortresses of England.

Beautiful as the sunshine, lovely as the sky of Morocco, is Fez—the cradle of the spirit that reigns over this strong country. Within the old walls an ancient age dreams peacefully on. The colours, the smiling idylls of the roof, speak of an existence which was the same thousands of years ago as it is to-day. Nothing has changed, nothing has been spoilt, nothing disturbed. It is the fairest symbol and monument of Oriental culture, of Oriental art—a sign of that civilization of men who, nourished by the sunlight, live without care, joyous, peaceful, and contented.

THE WALLS OF FEZ

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CHAPTER IV

FEZ

THUS, on April 28, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the gate of Fez, which opened to us upon our showing the letter of the English Consul. This narrow gate in the high fortified walls led on to the Msalla, an open place surrounded by high walls, lined with soldiers holding muskets.

An incomparable poem of colour! Among the brilliant, melting colours of every shade of the spectrum walked white-robed, brown-skinned Moors.

In and out, tinkling their bells and shouting, went the blacks with their goat-skin bottles, selling water.

On the right side of the wall is a gate in Moorish style, wonderfully inlaid with gold. At the other end a gateway through a tower leads into the town. The streets are very narrow, only half a metre wide, and pass through grey

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walls. The shopping streets are wider, with a gully down the middle, while vines on trellis-work run over the top to keep off the hot sun. At this time the clusters of grapes hung thick.

The people looked good-naturedly after us, but we seldom saw an evil glance, nor did any man spit at us.

The odours of the town were in striking contrast with its beauty. The shops were little open booths, such as we had already seen in other Mohammedan towns. The craftsmen do their work in similar open booths.

We went through endless narrow lanes before we reached the English Consul. Mr. Hawkins went in with his letter of introduction, while we waited outside. While I was sitting on the threshold of the door a boy rode by on a mule. The Consul's dragoman said he was a son of the Sultan, and this boy of eleven or twelve years was riding through the town quite unaccompanied. The English Consul conversed long with Mr. Hawkins, and we, after our nine hours' ride in pouring rain without any breakfast, grew very impatient. At last Mr. Hawkins came out and invited us in. The Consul received us in an elegant atrium, and took us to his study. He

was a teetotaller, apparently, for he offered us weary travellers no drop of refreshing drink ; he merely gave us a dry speech. He could not express enough astonishment that we had been allowed to travel to Fez in a time of such disturbance, when foreigners were leaving the country on all sides. He had expressly written to Tangier that no one must be allowed to go to Fez, particularly at the time of the Feast of Mouled, when fanaticism was at its height.

He demanded that we should keep indoors as much as possible and take no photographs (three weeks before a Frenchman had been nearly beaten to death for taking a photograph), and, above all, we were not to paint. He looked severely at Fox-Pitt, and added that if, in spite of this, he painted, he would have to take steps to prevent it. As all this would have spoilt our plans, I interrupted, saying, "I am an Austrian, and this does not affect me." "Then, please," he said, "you had better go to the German Consul." "Oh no!" I replied; "I am my own Consul"; and after much hand-shaking we left.

The Consul kindly sent his dragoman to guide us to the French resting-place.

The dragoman led us in and out, through

horrible devious lanes, where European horses would break their legs. The mule with our most necessary baggage stuck in one of these lanes, and could go neither backwards nor forwards, most effectually barring the way. So we had to dismount and go on foot. The next day we found that the road to the English Consulate was one of the best and most direct. Why the dragoman had not taken us there I do not know.

The resting-house was kept by an excellent Frenchman and his wife. The host, M. Gié, had a beautiful Moorish house and garden, with a little summer-house. We found the garden large enough to accommodate the tent. While we were busy Madame Gié cooked us a delicious meal, with French beer and Moorish bread, to satisfy our hunger and thirst. There was even Bordeaux wine. We had tasted nothing for twenty-four hours, and everything had the fragrance and flavour of the feast of the gods, when the flowing nectar filled the bowl.

Our Frenchman was no Chauvinist, but an honest tradesman, then suffering greatly from the disturbed state of the country. The only guest was an American dentist, attending the Sultan and his wives. The two Frenchmen we had met on the

road between Elcazar and Tekna had stayed here. M. Jourdan, the commercial traveller, had had a bad time. They said he grew white as wax, dined always in his own room, armed, and never left it after M. Gironcourt's disastrous experience. The latter had been imprudent enough to photograph a holy shrine, and incensed the Arabs, who regard photography as desecration of a holy place.

The Frenchman Marchand was also guilty of the most heinous sacrilege. He had hoisted the white flag of the Prophet upon his house for surveying purposes.

The French imagine they can everywhere mock at religious faith as they do in their own country, and that they will be considered clever. But the Arabs are not officials of the Republic, and have a right to demand respect in their own country for their customs and faith.

The garden was a veritable fairyland. Blossoming orange, apple, and pear trees, fresh from the rain, glittered in the bright sunshine. The refreshing perfume of the orange blossoms was wafted from tree to tree, and even floated under our tent-covers. We formed a little town of white canvas within this high-walled Moorish garden, where the fountain splashed and glittered

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into a stone basin. Under a large and shady fig-tree bloomed dark red roses. Night descended softly, hymns of the third day of the Feast of Mouled filled the air, and in the so-called city of danger, really so peaceful and friendly, in the home of Allah, refreshed and strengthened, we slept the sleep of the just.

Yes, Fez is the home of Allah in the true sense of the term. The curse of the golden calf has never penetrated here.

The next day Mr. Hawkins invited the American dentist and the Sultan's interpreter to breakfast. The dentist said he had attended the Sultan some weeks, and could say quite impartially that the Sultan was the most genial man he had ever met.

After breakfast at two we hurried to the Msalla, where the Sultan was to receive the deputation from his tribes who had come to bring presents and do him homage. The Sultan only shows himself to the people four times a year.

On our way through the town we met several Arabs of rank on white horses. The appearance of these men in their white robes and purple bernouse was most picturesque. What aristocratic

pride! What dignity of bearing! They might have been petty kings out of the Middle Ages.

The Msalla presented an animated scene. The whole garrison was stationed round the walls. First the German Division in green and khaki uniforms, and behind the mass of blue, green, red, orange, yellow, and black, like a bed of a thousand flowers, and behind them all rose the stiff grey walls, witnesses of so many stirring events.

In the middle of the Msalla gathered the deputations, and behind the soldiers were men on horseback, men on foot, and women. We had been warned not to go to this celebration, as the disposition of the people was irritable. But why had we come to Fez, if not to see and hear all we could?

We rode up to the soldiers, and, after a little difficulty, an officer made a good place for us. We stood there, and had the opportunity of making most interesting observations.

Shaiks and sons of notables came riding up from every direction and demanded entrance. The soldiers refused peremptorily, but everyone had the protection of this or that division which gained him admittance. Then great disputes arose among the soldiers. One would pull a

mule by the bridle, and another would beat him back; but the nobles did not let themselves be deterred. They boldly stormed the line of soldiers, and gained admittance after a long struggle. Even the fair-skinned, handsome boy, said to be the Sultan's son, was turned away, and it was only after great struggles that a black soldier of the palace guard drew him in.

In the middle of the palace yard bustled a man in a green robe, round his neck a thick cloth, chains of cowrie shells, bells, and other things. His head was half shaven, and the remaining hair stood up stiff like a wall. He was a holy man, a descendant of Mohammed. He moved from man to man, letting them kiss his hands, shoulders, and the cowrie shells. Even the soldiers took the chains of cowrie, stroked them and rubbed them against their faces, murmuring pious prayers. The holy man, a fat, deformed cripple, with cunning eyes full of humour, looked more like a wag than a saint. He pinched the people's cheeks and whispered words between the blessings which made the people shake with laughter.

We could hear the brass band in the distance, the soldiers presented arms, and the officers placed themselves in front. The commander of one

regiment was a very droll figure: a round, tubby man, dressed in dark red, with wide breeches, and a huge sabre in a wooden scabbard. He gave commands the whole time, but no one obeyed them; so he sat down and watched the soldiers. Behind him stood four officers, clad in different colours, presenting arms. When the music sounded everything stopped, and the ear-deafening noise suddenly ceased.

Our constant guide, Hedj, during the morning had been instructed by Mr. Fox-Pitt how to take a photograph, and now, somewhat apart from us, he sat on his horse, the camera in the saddle. The Arabs had not the least suspicion of his intentions, and did not seem to perceive the camera, and he photographed the whole scene just as the Sultan entered the Msalla.

Just before the music sounded one of the orange-red soldiers had a sunstroke, and had to be carried out on his back.

All the people around us, and particularly the soldiers, were very friendly, and there was not a hint of ill-feeling. The tales of the dangerous men of Fez were malicious inventions. The band passed under the gate of the Msalla at four o'clock exactly, and the deafening crash of sound

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re-echoed back from the walls, and the ranks grew silent. Six horses, led by the bridle, followed the band, and after them came a white stream of lance-bearers.

Then, under a great purple umbrella surmounted by a golden calyx, appeared the Sultan, sitting on a magnificent white charger. Black slaves, garbed in white, waved white cloths to keep off the flies, and beside him stood a white-robed sword-bearer, while the Lord Chamberlain, waving his stick, led the procession. Behind the Sultan came white-robed horsemen, with the War Minister at their head, a sea of white, with the red sunshade, like a peach-blossom, in the middle.

In the middle of the Msalla the Sultan halted before the deputations. The deputations were called by the Lord High Steward—for instance, “Men of Fez!” who were in the front rank. The Sultan did not move, but sat on his pawing charger, proud as a true King of the Orient. The whole power and majesty of an Eastern aristocrat spoke in his bearing as he sat, brown-faced, among clouds of white, swaying above the mass like a swan on the waves. He did not utter a word, as etiquette commands him to be silent. The Master of the Ceremonies, in the name of the

Sultan, expressed good wishes. The deputation cried, "God preserve your Majesty!" and Mouley Ab-dul-Aziz drew a brown hand from his white cloud, laid it on his breast, and inclined his head slightly. The deputation bowed their heads and moved away to the right.

This performance was repeated with each deputation, till all had paid homage to his Majesty. It lasted a quarter of an hour. Then the Sultan made a sharp turn, the music sounded, and, with the same impressive dignity with which it had appeared, the procession marched away.

Then a cannon was fired, making a terrific dull reverberation between the high walls of the Msalla, a cloud of smoke veiled the sea of colour, and scarcely had the wind dispersed it when another shot was heard, and then a third, and, as the Sultan disappeared through the gateway, a fourth and last. The drums began to rattle and the trumpets blare, and the whole Mahalla defiled in the Msalla: first the vermilion red, then the orange-coloured, the blue, and so on, and last the green khaki, led by German officers. This was the only disciplined division. The officers themselves rode at the head in white helmets. Then came French officers with impudent faces, the

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gorgeous Eastern scene spoilt and desecrated by their want of taste and imagination.

The whole world cannot be changed into Republican *canaille*; the Orient is the Orient, and will remain so, and Oriental thought does not desire to set the guillotine rule of officialdom at the throat of the people, who already govern themselves, and are disciplined by the belief in Allah, by confidence in the teaching of Mohammed, the great Prophet, whom we should honour as the interpreter of Christianity to the Arabian peoples.

The God of the Arabs is no subordinate officer armed to the teeth, but a kind, generous, and holy Ancient of Days, regarding all His faithful with the love of a tender-hearted father, and accepting gladly the pious prayers offered up to Him.

Here in the Msalla was the magic and majesty of religious ceremonial. Even we seemed to stand under the spell of the suggestive force of the solemn occasion, as if heavenly powers were ruling human action. This is the product of thousands and thousands of years' experience in the management of men. The Northern peoples have never had such grandeur of ceremony. Even the Greeks and Romans, till the time of Diocletian, did not

develop a cult of ceremonial. The severe and suggestive power of ceremonial was introduced into Spain by the Moors, and developed there to its grandest and loftiest height under Philip II. Architecture, costumes, and customs were the direct outcome of these formulated rules for the guidance of every individual, and the worship of the rulers. The spirit which actuated the throne spread to the nobles of the land, and from them to the people ; thus in Morocco we have a country where the Sultan rules over numerous other Sultans. If he may be considered a god, the others are demi-gods in their power and bearing. In disposition and attitude of mind he is also a god ; he is hard and cruel, but noble and benevolent. His hand betrays his descent, and his quiet, stately hauteur, relieved by that amiability which is the aristocrat's own, denotes his proud ancestry.

All this arises from their religious principle ; no one respects descent more than does the Arab. The descendant of Mohammed is sacred, even if he be a bandit like Raisuli. Blood and breeding are everything to this aristocratic people. So they prostrate themselves in the dust before the Sultan, believing him endowed by God with the power to

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bless—the Baraka. By certain assumptions, our clergy have the Baraka. Here the power of the priest is inherited. Not till the people have lost confidence in the Baraka will the Sultanate collapse.

They do not believe overmuch in the orthodoxy of the Sultan ; though few pass through the gateway of the castle, enough rumours escape to sorely wound the pious Mohammedans. Mohammed commands that every man shall have one wife, and none more than four wives—a question of means—yet the Sultan has no legitimate wife, neither is he very zealous in the exercise of religious duties. Cruelty and misgovernment, accompanied by piety, would not injure him in the eyes of his people so much as this free and irreligious behaviour. The feeling of the country people varies, but it is more favourable than in Fez. I have found many there who were very discontented with the government of the Sultan. To the people he is the cat's-paw of the Maghzen who exploit the country. Whether this is true or not, I cannot say ; one thing is certain, Morocco is ruled by orthodox belief : prayers and festal rites fill up all the time not occupied in work.

We will now return to the Msalla. When the soldiery had filed by—about 3,000 men—we took

a ride through the town. The panic among Europeans was remarkable, for we could not see a single white man during these celebrations. We rode to the German post-office, mounted to the roof, and saw a glorious panorama spread out before us. Not a European house to be seen ! Rare pleasure, indeed, to see the product of an ancient civilized race so unspoilt !

A sea of grey walls, the cradle of a pre-Christian age ! When the sun shone brightly, casting a golden light on the flat roofs, everything seemed to awake, and the songs, the laughter of the pinnacles, spoke of the dreams of long-past ages. The old classic cities — Alexandria, Damascus, perhaps Pompeii and Herculaneum—may have boasted such splendour.

The minarets with green roofs pointed to the skies, not proud and stern like St. Stephen's Church in Vienna or Cologne Cathedral, but slender and unadorned. A ciborium, surmounted by a point, finished their roofs.

Roman Catholic churches often have on the roof under the spire a closed calyx ; this is a common characteristic of the Catholic and Mohammedan churches : so are the flags, which look very much like our own.

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On the flat roofs could be seen women ; they waved their hands to us, and I naturally waved back.

“For Heaven’s sake,” said the postmaster, “come down ! In Fez, men are strictly forbidden to go on the roofs. Roofs are for the women, and any man, Christian or Mussulman, fares badly if he is caught on a roof.”

So we bade farewell to the splendid view and descended.

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CHAPTER V

THE FRENCH IN MOROCCO

WHEN I reached home an influential Arab was presented to me. He spoke openly and frankly of the state of affairs in Morocco. Two predominant ideas occupied the minds of the people, hatred of the French and fear of the Europeanization of the country. Algiers has revealed to the Moors the character and methods of the French, and it is a significant fact that there are in Fez some 5,000 refugees from Algiers. The French have here reduced a flourishing country to ruins. Compare Algiers and Morocco. In the latter the natives are prosperous and happy ; in the former they are oppressed by the twin evils of slavery and poverty. Algiers has wonderful quays, great streets, splendid Government offices and barracks, and there French civilization ceases. The French have sent 48,000 soldiers to Algiers, but no traders and no capital ; and not merely this,

but they prevent other nations from trading through their regulation that none but French ships may carry goods to the French ports, and by imposing an almost prohibitive tariff; that, for instance, on woollen goods is 30 per cent. of the value. The railways, too, are bad and costly, so that transport by beasts of burden is cheaper. Prostitution, on the other hand, flourishes like a green bay-tree.

The Arabs in Algiers are an oppressed people, treated by the French like dogs, and not even given a vote. How evident is the humbug of that motto of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," for the country professing this high ideal is the land of tyranny and cruelty and oppression to all those who are averse to being made mere bond-slaves of France.

The Arabs bring their pitiful stories and the wounds dealt them by the Republican marauders in Algiers to Morocco; and here the people recognise the martyrdom of the Algerian Arab, and are filled with apprehension lest they, too, should become the victims of that fetish—liberty, equality, and fraternity.

My informant was a handsome black-bearded man, with a Christ-like head. His hands were as

well kept as those of a French *femme du monde*, and his movements as elegant and stately as those of a swan moving through the water. But when he spoke of the lot of Algerian Arabs, his glance was kindled with proud and indignant grief. His pain touched a responsive chord in my own heart, and I could not but feel that we were concerned about the fate of a great and highly gifted people. Imagine our own feelings if some tyrant upstart were to treat our highest aristocracy as wandering gipsies! And how much higher in the scale of real civilization stands an Arab Shaik than a Republican official who owes his position merely to the favour of a *député*, who in turn is the slave of Mammon! What a contrast between a proud, high-souled Arab and the Republican protégé of a bought deputy! And shall the native aristocrat bow down and serve these thieving upstarts? The least right feeling stimulates our sympathy for the Arabs' enforced submission to the yoke of the gold-seeking barbarians.

As he related to me the attempts of the Frenchmen to get possession of the Moorish wives and maidens, the flush of anger overspread the features of this usually unruffled fatalist. He said the Republican officials at the time of the

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census forced the Arabs to lead their women before them unveiled. This is a great offence against the customs, manners, and religious principles of the Mohammedans. But what care the barbarians of the twentieth century, the executioners of prosperity and peace?

Then he continued : "The French are not satisfied with putting our people to shame, condemning them to poverty and slavery in Tunis and Algiers alone, but desire to visit the same fate on Morocco, on the last refuge of our race. Though they do not yet hold the country, they give themselves untold liberties. They called us barbarians because we killed Dr. Marchand. But what had he done? He hoisted the white flag of the Prophet on his house, and long before that he had shamelessly provoked and insulted the most peaceful people you could anywhere find. Remember, we have no police, no watchmen, and yet no inhabitant takes what is not his, nor does what he should not do. We have no lights in the streets, and no European measures of safety, yet no acts of violence are committed. We are a pious people, and do not need the laws you have. Our prisons are empty, and our two judges have nothing to do. Dr. Marchand knew the

country and its customs. Why did he not respect them? Because the French tread us under their feet in Algiers, we need not suffer it here. Did not M. Gironcourt also brutally provoke our peace-loving people? The mosque he photographed is the sacred shrine of women. No one would have interfered had he chosen any day but Friday, when the women were assembled there; neither did he do it quietly, but very ostentatiously, with a large camera on a stand. When he was asked to desist he insulted the people. How otherwise shall we protect our holy places against these barbarians?"

The man spoke truly; the French are the barbarians of the twentieth century. Because at home they have sold their own church bells—which have called people to prayer for centuries, have sounded the alarm in case of fire and other dangers, and have sweetly announced the close and break of day—they think, in their Republican shamelessness, that abroad they may insult what is sacred to others.

When, therefore, two such barbarians as Marchand and Gironcourt fall victims to their own barbarism, the whole of Europe—that is, the puppets of international money-lenders, who know

no God but Mammon—shrieks aloud. My friend and companion, Fox-Pitt, made the very significant remark, "From everything I have heard I should not be surprised to be some day murdered by the Arabs, but I forgive them beforehand." So think and so speak all high-minded men and true aristocrats—all, in short, who hate the golden fetters that are enslaving the world—all who are as near the Arabs in spirit as they are far from the financiers and usurers.

Our visitor continued to explain how the French exploit the country. "They buy cattle from the people, pay for them, then leave them in the pasture. When they are fat, and represent three times the value, they fetch them away. In this way the poor are robbed."

He also related how a delegation of Frenchmen had waited upon the Sultan, long before the Algeciras Conference, to force the French protectorate upon him. They were little men with big heads and impudent manners. If they had been gentlemen of courteous behaviour, who knows whether the Sultan might not have given way, for he was in a tight corner? But such men as these frightened him.

It is the misfortune of France that her refined

upper ten thousand are put *hors de combat* by the masses, and that now it is the demagogue, the hungry politician, and the time-server who control the destiny of this once great and noble people.

We then spoke of Germany. He was full of its praises, and said the Kaiser Wilhelm was regarded as the guardian angel of Morocco. "A German is safe anywhere in Morocco, for our people remember that the Kaiser saved them from the yoke of the French." I asked him what he thought of Austria. He had never heard of its existence. To see how far his geographical knowledge went, I asked some questions about Servia and Bulgaria, and found he knew these countries very well.

Turning to England, he said English politicians were not trusted among them. But they were friendly to Englishmen, and would never forget what Sir Arthur Nicholson had done for their country. The Sultan's English friends were regarded with great suspicion, but on the whole the Arabs like the English because they are honest traders.

What did he think of the English protectorate of Egypt? He replied: "If there must be a protectorate, give us anyone rather than the French.

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The English govern millions of Mohammedans, treat them well, and do not wound their religious feelings. Of course, the Mohammedans, even there, are not thoroughly contented, not because they are oppressed, but because they could never love the followers of another religion, were they angels from heaven."

My visitor was right. The only people that know how to treat coloured races are the English. For them coloured races begin on the Continent, and rightly. Whoever knows England knows that the Continental nations are barbarians in comparison. This development of refinement England owes to her religious belief. The Anglican Church has preserved the true spirit of Christianity. The fundamental axiom of Christ, "All men are equal before God," is carried out politically. Its colonial government, unlike that of the French, has one law for all, white men and coloured alike.

In this actual recognition of equality as a principle lies the secret of the ease with which England colonizes. England keeps an Argus eye on the law, as, for Britons, there is but one God, and that is Justice. It is this God that has made the United Kingdom what it is, the *Poseidon* of the

world, ruler of sea and land! The French have no sense of justice. While the Englishman is just and courageous, the French representative of the Radical-Socialist Republic is cowardly and cruel.

In France nothing is protected save the money-lender's gold. Even England, the land of aristocratic shopkeepers, inclines to the worship of the golden calf; but the general observance of justice constitutes a barrier against mere worship of Mammon. An English judge would be likely to deal severely rather than leniently with the rich man.

Thus throughout her Empire (as large as Africa) England has a huge army of officials who worthily uphold her ideal of justice. Is it wonderful, then, that prosperity and peace follow in the path of these pioneers, who owe their position, not to corrupt suffrages, but to their knowledge and capacity?

The requisite qualities for successful colonization are a zeal for justice and a sincere regard for humanity. The Germans are making great progress along these lines, but their national sense of justice is as yet imperfectly developed. It is unfortunate that on the Continent of Europe rulers and officials have been so long accustomed to act in

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an arbitrary and domineering spirit that this sense of justice has been seriously impaired. Germany has not yet wholly shaken herself free of the feudal instinct, but the more the task of colonization is laid upon her the sooner will this instinct disappear.

I asked the Arab's opinion of the state of internal affairs. He said Morocco was in a fairly safe condition at present ; but one could never tell what might happen. Everything was in the hand of Allah—the Sultan had not power enough properly to govern the country.

The most dangerous and difficult district lay between Elcazar and Tangier. On the whole the tribes were loyal to the Sultan, but only after their own manner. They had been allowed perfect freedom to govern themselves.

The Sultan himself had deserted the customs of his forefathers. They had always travelled from place to place—were, in fact, nomad kings—and kept in constant contact with the tribes, whilst he rarely goes abroad among his people. The Maghzen is disliked, and reproached with exploiting the people to enrich itself. It does nothing to forward the well-being of the country, and discontent is rife.

My informant did not believe that this discontent would come to more than talk. The Fazi (man of Fez) is, like the Viennese, always grumbling at everything, but still enduring everything. The Sultan will never establish a stable government, and thus no progress can ever be made. Whenever trees were planted, for example, they would be certain to be pulled up. It had been done even in the Sultan's garden. Here, in Morocco, nothing but the *status quo ante* can be maintained. And why, I ask myself, should it not be so? Riches do not mean happiness. The Arab is much happier with his paraffin candle than the Lombard Street stockjobber in his electrically lit palace. These people live in a pious dream. Why arouse them? Why drive them into the European's fierce struggle for existence? Why teach them to live a life of care, toil, and anxiety in order to satisfy ever-increasing and superfluous needs and desires? The land of the Arab supports him without labour. Why give him ideas that will make him, not a happier man, but a mere wage-slave? Absence of desire is happiness. To teach a people to "desire nothing" is to give them the secret of happiness.

But that goes against the grain of the inter-

national money-lenders. If people's wants diminish, consumption will be reduced, and what would the millionaires then do with their factories where they exploit the people? To make the usurer rich the world must be made unhappy. The happiness of Diogenes, attained through self-denial, is the happiness we gain from religion. Christians, Buddhists, and Mohammedans all have the principle of self-renunciation as the basis of their religious faith.

The so-called Liberals, Progressives, and Social Democrats preach the extension of desires, and see therein nothing but progressive prosperity. It *is* prosperity, but a prosperity for capitalists, not for the people. Satisfied desires beget new ones. The spread of this view of life is unchecked, and will lead to disaster. Everything points to this result.

A doctrine of self-renunciation, believed in for so many thousands of years by 700 million Buddhists, 400 million Christians, and 300 million Mohammedans, deserves some courageous defenders. This doctrine of self-renunciation has successfully persisted, for under its protection our own civilization has developed. The teaching of the extension of wants is new, and the fewer checks natural

religion puts to the stream of this stockjobbing age, the sooner shall we reap the fruits of our folly. In the Buddhistic, Christian, and Moham-medan teaching of voluntary abnegation lies the secret of self-control which alone can hold a nation together. This teaching implies a strong diversion of animal egoism, and this diversion the founders of religion have found in the service of God. Thus we see that the more a people are trained in self-abnegation, the more are developed the virtues of prayer and religious services.

Hand in hand with this goes charity. A man who denies himself will easily give to others. And is not this power of giving the most precious attribute of man? No one is so benevolent as the Mohammedan. And when many give, can there be many unhappy people? And is not the end of our existence to secure happiness? Even the priest of Mammon does not seek gold for itself, but for the happiness it can give.

But the priests of Mammon have yet to prove to us that gold does bring happiness. The Social Democrats write on their banners, "Down with the capitalist," and yet they themselves are the most faithful followers of Mammon; which proves that the fight against capitalism cannot be

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waged by force, but needs the inspiration of a high and true ideal. This ideal, whatever form it may take, must be the doctrine of voluntary simplification of life. A man with no desires needs no money. A begging friar has fought victoriously against capitalism. If the Arab refuses our money, and lives happily and peacefully in his wantlessness, he also has conquered in the fight against the gold fiend. While the international usurers revel, and suffer from their life of pleasure, the pious and abstemious Arab, happy and healthy, bends his knee, kisses the soil, and praises Allah for the little that he has ; yes, he caresses the earth which nourishes him, and salutes the sun whose beams maintain his life. He regards the future with fullest confidence in Allah.

Who can claim a right to poison the waters of life for these peaceful and blessed people?

If we recognise rights at all, why do we not include the right of a people to their own country? Does not the country belong to them? How dare we foreigners come to them and say, You must do this and you must do that? Yet everywhere we prate of justice and of rights. This is our modern hypocrisy. Practically we have long since ceased to respect rights. The world's

expanding commerce demands new dumping-grounds ; voracious millionaires demand their prey, and rights are forgotten.

A man who is ignorant of money-making is considered a barbarian, a savage ; so, because these aristocratic Arabs do not make money-seeking the chief aim of life, they are savages in the eyes of the stockjobber.

No one takes the trouble to study these people, but if we did it would soon be evident it is we who are uncivilized. I ask, Who are the true barbarians? They whose State is controlled by no police and no detectives, or we with a policeman at every street-corner to see that citizens should not be robbed and murdered in the open street? I ask, Who are the barbarians? Those who leave their wares exposed in open booths and yet lose nothing, or those who bar their shops with iron railings, fit them with electric alarm-bells, and engage watchmen to guard them night and day? Who are the barbarians? Those in London, Paris, New York, who let their beggars die in the streets, or those that personally feed and relieve them?

And again, Who are the barbarians? Those consistently true to their faith (you can count on

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the fingers of your hand the Mohammedans who have been converted to another belief), or those who for fashion's sake, or, as in Austria, for Court favour, abjure their religion? Who are the barbarians? Those that have to be forced, under fear of penalty, to send their children to school, or those who, at their own expense, maintain a school in every village?

The European stockjobbers may say what they please, but let one of the best of them try for a single day to be so refined and kindly as these Arabs habitually show themselves.

I am speaking against no nation, for this question has nothing to do with nationality; I am only indicting that large and vigorous company, composed of all nationalities and faiths, that has the golden key to open the money-boxes of toilers among mankind, whom they rob by all manner of tricks.

And these are the men bowed down to by kings and obeyed by ministers; the men who run newspapers, rule the price of the necessities of life, make war or peace, condemn or convict men, buy everywhere the popular vote, and everywhere instigate or prevent the revolution of empires. They are the real rulers of mankind from San

Francisco to Rome. But there, before the gates of St. Peter, they are powerless. Christianity, however, is not the sole religious bulwark against the on-coming tide of capitalism. Buddhism and Mohammedanism are also powerful obstacles. The day will come when those of every faith will form a great alliance against the common enemy. It will be the league of national conservatives, united by common interests.

Between Roman Catholicism and Mohammedanism there is little essential difference, though it is true that Mohammed teaches, as do the Anglicans, that Christ was not God, but a Prophet,* and do not make him so prominent a figure in the faith as we do. Mohammed took the teachings of Christ almost in their entirety and Orientalized them. The Mohammedans celebrate the same festivals as we — L'Aid el Kebir, Christmas ; Mouled, Easter ; and so on. At Easter lambs are sacrificed, and presents are exchanged. The Mohammedans pray with rosaries, and their hymns are scarcely to be distinguished from those of the Roman Catholic

* The author wishes to emphasize the greater prominence of Christ in the worship of the Roman Catholic religion, but has evidently forgotten the Anglican doctrine of the Trinity.

Church. The Mohammedan makes pilgrimages, first in the direction of Jerusalem, then to Mecca, and if he wishes, though it is not compulsory, he makes a pilgrimage to Medina, the burial-place of the Prophet.

The connection between Christianity and Mohammedanism is clearly evident. Almost all Roman Catholic hymns of ancient origin have come from the Arabic. Only the Ambrose music is Græco-Roman. St. Ambrose, who was only a poor herdsman before he was made Bishop of Lombardy in the year A.D. 320, was an ardent advocate of ritual and the development of the Liturgy. The Greeks and Romans had no written music, and, consequently, their achievements in this art have been lost. We know, however, from the classics, that they composed fine music. We may, then, assume that this music has been to some extent preserved to us in the Churches, as in the case of the hymns of the holy Ambrose, which are still used in the Churches, as the *Te Deum*, for example. But many of the hymns can be traced to the Arabic, and this points distinctly to the common source of the sister religions.

Even though the Mohammedans are zealous

abhorrrers of pictures and statuary, they are not opposed to saints themselves. No one worships so many saints as the Mussulman ; he even worships their graves. He keeps the Sabbath as we do, only on Friday ; and his prayers differ but slightly from ours. It is only when we come to the conception of the position of women that we find the great difference.

In the first three centuries A.D. the greatest confusion and anarchy on this point generally prevailed. In 375, at the great French National Council, it was still possible to raise the question whether a woman possessed a soul. The Catholic Church then accorded women equality with man in this respect, and thus contributed to the existing and more refined civilization. The indissolubility of marriage seems to me the highest stage as yet reached in the development of human society. The family is the most stable foundation of society, and the indissolubility of marriage ensures its permanence.

Mohammed was not able to rise to this conception of the equality of women, and his religion has suffered in consequence. Yet there is something to be said in favour of the Mohammedan treatment of women. The apple of discord of

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Northern lands is here treasured behind thick veils and high walls, and the peace of society ensured. Besides, we must remember that in the Orient conditions are very different from ours. The sun exercises a greater influence on the imagination, and manners and customs are such that the woman cannot protect herself from molestation as easily as with us, and does not develop the same power of self-defence. The best proof of this is that all the Mohammedan women whom Cardinal Lavigerie brought when children into the lap of the Roman Church went astray. If a social custom laid down by their religion has persisted among the 300 million Mussulmans for so long, we should be cautious how we visit it with our condemnation. One thing is certain—in the whole Mohammedan world there is no free-thinker, which means, no one who attacks established institutions.

I come back once more to the great problem of happiness, which consists in the absence of desire for change. Here in Morocco we have a society as it was in pre-Christian times, while Europe is filled with destructive controversies and disastrous changes. Here the Arabs have an invulnerable bulwark against the onslaughts of innovation.

All this is ultra-conservative. Yet I believe there never was a happier people than these. With us man and wife work all day long for the mere necessities of life. The Arab sings and dances and passes his time carelessly, yet has wherewithal to live. Dates suffice him for subsistence. Near by, a Government official has built a palace. The Arab workman sings the whole day, works very little, and yet the palace is erected. It is an error to imagine that our strenuous labour is a blessing to us. It is true a man earns more, but, on the other hand, indirect taxation, in the form of dearer commodities, speedily reduces his advantage.

I concede, of course, that European countries could not follow out my theories, because it would spell general disaster. We Europeans can only improve our condition by opposing an international conservatism to the international exploitation. But here in Morocco and in similar countries it is our duty to leave the people in that happy and contented state which they have preserved for centuries.

Following these reflections, based on my axiom of the solidarity of national conservatism, I thought I acted rightly in saying to my visitor, "The

Mohammedans should make every possible effort to prevent the Europeanization of their country, whether by occupation or 'peaceful penetration.'"

"Yes," said he, "many Arabs have already sold their goods and property and returned to Arabia."

This is all we have achieved with our vaunted civilization. We have succeeded in driving a homely, well-behaved people from their native land, because they can no longer exist there.

CHAPTER VI

THE PEOPLE OF FEZ

THE next day we took a walk round the environs of the city to the waterfall of Mouley Edris, which rushes over the stones a hundred paces from our garden. This water is conducted through many stone runnels to supply the city and the gardens.

In the year 788, after an unsuccessful rebellion, the descendants of Edris were obliged to leave Mecca. They, the Edrissites, went to Morocco. At first they lived in the town of Quality. When they outgrew the town, the second Edris looked for a site on which to build a city which should be the capital of Morocco, and it was these springs which decided him to settle here. So for over a thousand years Fez has stood in this place as the capital of the kingdom of the direct descendants of Mohammed.

We walked round the whole city. It was a Saint's Day, and everywhere the Arabs were piously offering up their prayers.

We passed two very wonderful old bridges. Bridges in Morocco are very rare. These were a part of the fortified walls, and served more for purposes of protection than as a means of communication. On the right hand rose a Mount of Olives like that at Jerusalem, while little koubbas lay, dazzling white, between the olive-trees.

We walked along the grand old walls and through the gate of Marakez into the city. We were then in the manufacturing quarter. Pottery is baked in small circular kilns of clay, made in the form of a cupola. The clay tiles, bricks, jugs, or dishes are baked by means of wood fuel. There is also an old oil factory where the olives are pressed.

My friend Fox-Pitt painted every day without being molested or suffering any annoyance.

My attempt to see something of the life of the women failed signally. I succeeded only in arranging a little *thé dansant* in our garden. Gold and good words persuaded an Arab to bring his daughters to see us. One was called Jemina and the other Zahra. Beauty among the orange blossoms ! They arrived enveloped in the usual wrappings, and only after some resistance unveiled themselves. Jemina, who was fifteen years old,

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was the smaller and prettier. She was tattooed between the eyebrows, and had great dark, mischievous eyes. The two sat quite boldly on the chairs we provided, and laughed saucily across to one another. They sang the most melting Arabian songs, and also danced to us. They ate and drank everything offered them. Though I could not understand a word they said, they were very merry and talkative, which made their gestures only the more interesting. It was a most romantic adventure. We were tasting a forbidden fruit to thus enjoy the company of those whose lives are passed behind veils and walls, and we should have had to undergo heavy penance if any Arab had betrayed our company; for in this respect the Arab will stand no nonsense.

The next day the German officers returned my call, and invited me to breakfast. From them I learned a good deal of the military conditions in Morocco. They said that the Moors would make good soldiers, but at present the difficulties in the way of training are very great. The men are only in possession of arms and uniforms during their three hours' service, owing to their inconvenient habit of selling their accoutrements. The rifles are kept in a strictly guarded tower for the same

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reason. There are, besides, no barracks. Each man sleeps where he likes, and lives how he can. In the German Instruction regiments the men have to serve every day, but in the other part of the Mahalla only weekly army service is enforced. The rest of their time the men work as artisans, or earn their living in some other way. The greatest trouble is desertion, which is not punished. A man will disappear suddenly from his place in camp, and on his return, after some days, perhaps, will explain that he has been to visit the shrine of some saint. It is a curious fact that the Sultan will not allow black soldiers in the German Instruction Corps.

The superior officers of the Moorish army use their position chiefly to feather their own nests. They receive pay for all ranks from the Maghzen, but only pay out half and pocket the rest. The discipline is very bad. I have seen with my own eyes an officer take a cigarette from the lips of a private, draw a puff or two, and give it him back. The arms are Martini rifles in terrible condition, as they are never cleaned. Desertion, as I have said, is the order of the day. Who would search for a deserter in those hills ?

On May 1 we went to the Sookos to make

purchases. Business is transacted in a remarkable manner, almost silently, though accompanied by many and varied gestures. You can always reduce the price first given by 50 per cent., and everything is incredibly cheap. Even European goods fetch ridiculous prices. This arises from the modest wants of the shopkeepers, who content themselves with a very small profit. We were dealing with one of them, when someone introduced him as the brother-in-law of the Minister for War. These merchants are generally people of good social standing.

When we reached home, M. Gié gave me a recent number of the *Dépêche Marocaine*. This French paper, published in Tangier, slandered the Moors on every page, and loudly emphasized to the world the insecurity of the country. When I read an article, "L'Insécurité à Maroc," where I had travelled without a single weapon, I saw clearly how public opinion is humbugged.

The only case of violence that occurred on my journey from Tangier was on April 23, as we camped in Elcazar. An emissary of the Sultan, of the tribe of Khemas, was killed. In London murders occur almost daily, but no one speaks of the insecurity of life in England. Take Sicily, a

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part of the kingdom of Italy, a civilized State and Power of the first rank. There it is impossible to travel as safely as I did in Morocco. You are never safe in the district of Palermo. During my residence in Fez a Sherif was killed, but that was because he had assaulted a woman ; it had nothing to do with the security of the city. The Arab is as peaceful a man as you could find, without a trace of aggression in his disposition. But if you irritate him, and flagrantly make mock of his faith, you can rouse him to do an injury.

He never kills an animal—Mohammed has forbidden it—so naturally he does not eat them. If a camel breaks its leg, he leaves it to die miserably, because it is so written in the Koran. Men and animals live much together, and I think that is good testimony to the temper of the people. The Arabs caressed my dog at every opportunity. Consider the contrast between this behaviour and that of the civilized inhabitants of the Continent, who kick the dogs about whenever possible. Only in England do you find a similar sympathy for animals.

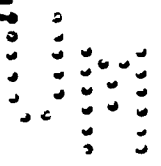
On May 2 the German Consul returned my visit, and invited me to dine. On the way I met a funeral procession. The body, closely wrapped in

white cloth, lay on an open, roofed-in bier, carried by men. They were singing a sad, beautiful, and simple air. In Egypt, where I saw many funerals, blind beggars headed the procession, followed by women waving cloths, and wailing, and last of all came the men with the closed coffin. Here women are excluded from all ceremonies. They are considered unworthy and soulless. The corpse, closely bound round in white, reminded me of pictures of the raising of Lazarus by Christ ; it was wrapped in just such a winding-sheet. Such old customs are undying, and if the "white-skinned devils" did not pester the land they would remain immortal, to the blessing of the people.

In the afternoon we went again to the Sookos, accompanied by a Portuguese manager of a petroleum factory and his young wife.

The large market, the Sôk in the middle of the town, surrounds the Mosque of Mouley Edris. This mosque contains the grave of the founder and patron saint of Fez, and is the most revered. It is considered a sanctuary, and anyone who takes refuge there is safe.

Just as in Roman Catholic churches lights are kept ever burning before the shrine, pilgrims and worshippers pray to the saint, throw money in the



poor-box, and bring candles and sacrificial lambs. These gifts support the descendants of the saint, who live in Fez and are called Sherifs.

The streets of the Sôk surrounding the mosque are sacred and barred. No animal, no Christian, and no Jew dare enter there.

Our companion explained to us the organization of the market. There is a guild of merchants, and the Maghzen annually chooses from its members four experts, who form an official board of arbitration to settle all disputes. But disputants *may* settle their differences through an arbiter of their own choosing. As well as the great merchant guild, there are guilds for every branch of trade: the soap-boilers, honey-makers, and butter merchants form one, and the slipper-makers, etc., another.

The Moors are gifted traders, and have extended their mercantile operations as far as Manchester, Marseilles, Algiers, and Egypt. The merchant stands on the same social footing as the priest and official. All the shops belong to the priests, or, rather, to the Dead Hand, and the present occupier has to pay tribute or rent. The merchants are very heavily taxed.

The Corporation chooses an Amin, acknowledged by the Sultan, and the Amin acts as judge in the

disputes between shopkeepers. Disputes between shopkeepers and customers are under the jurisdiction of two experts chosen by the Sultan. Above all these is the Mohtaseb, who is of the first rank of officials. He, in common with the Khadi and the Governor, has authority to imprison. He alone has the right of supervision and regulation of trade, and naturally has to be a most upright man. It is interesting to note that this man decides the price of food. He takes as his guide the prices ruling in the auction, which is held daily at the close of the market, but he need not be bound by any rule of precedence.

When the French newspapers represent the Arabs as savages, I would like to ask if there is such a person as this Mohtaseb in Paris. If such an office was instituted there, where exploitation of the necessities of life is a daily occurrence, then that office could not be used for exploitation purposes. Only in such a country as Morocco can such a post exist without becoming the tool of the speculator.

Our Portuguese friend took us round everywhere, and we made numerous purchases.

In the evening, provided with a small lamp, we rode through the dark and narrow lanes to dine

with the Consul. In what other country would it be possible to ride in safety through dark and lonely unpoliced lanes? Yet we are told Morocco has to be occupied because life is unsafe there.

The Consulate was a splendid building. There was first a large atrium—an Arabian colonnaded hall—tiled with porcelain; at the back was a veranda, and then behind that the dwelling-house. In the atrium beds of flowers and blooming roses filled the air with a delicious scent, and the splashing of the fountain in the evening stillness gave a magic Eastern beauty to the scene.

The German Consul, Dr. Bassel, a young man with a young wife, two German officers, and two gentlemen from the German colony, dined with us.

The German Consul is an Arabic scholar, and perhaps one of the best authorities on Moroccan affairs. His wife also gave me very interesting information about the life of the women.

She said the women, particularly those of higher rank, are woefully ignorant, and do nothing but adorn themselves and sing. She once visited a noble lady of Larash, who lived quite near the sea and had never had a glimpse of it. She had been muffled up behind the walls of the house for

years, and had never even been allowed on the balcony. Once a week she was permitted to ride out when it was dark.

The Consul spoke of Fez as the city of learning and science, for it boasts of the only African University—the Arabian Cambridge.

The Mosque of Karaouiyyi is the largest in Fez, and can seat 20,000 faithful. At the same time it serves as the University, where the professors hold their lectures. When a scholar has gone through the Normal School, which he enters at five years of age and leaves at eighteen, he can attend the University. The Normal Schools are to be found in all quarters of the town. Besides these there are fifteen schools for girls in Fez, who leave school when they are thirteen.

The school buildings belong to the priests or the Dead Hand. The teacher, Fegik, is chosen by the people of the quarter, and depends for his living on the presents of the parents. The subjects of instruction are reading, writing, and the Koran. If a boy wants to learn more than is taught at the school, he can take private courses at a shrine or mosque. If he goes to the University he must hear the course at the Karaouiyyi. There syntax, grammar, rhetoric, logic, astronomy, and

mathematics are taught. In the corners of the mosques lecture the professors, who are not appointed, but are selected by the *vox populi*. If they prove themselves efficient and pass an examination, they receive from the Khadi the rank of professors of the fifth class and an annual suit of clothes. They advance from this to the first class, when they are allowed to lecture from the highest step. There are about twenty professors of the first class.

The life of the students is very remarkable. They come from all over the country, even from Algiers and Cairo. They live together upon alms in separate colleges, and certain houses belonging to the priests serve them for lodging. When a student arrives he does not hire a room, but he buys a key of a room in one of these houses for 350 to 700 francs, and lives there as long as he likes. Formerly he could stay ten years, but now, after three years, he has to show some proof of capacity for his profession. The priests provide them with bread, but everything else they have to get from various other houses. Is it so uncivilized, after all ?

When the students leave the University any career is open to them, though it must not be

forgotten that most posts are hereditary, and that the future of students without a genealogical tree is not very promising. It is just the same in France. It is not capacity, but the relationship to a man in office, that is the deciding factor of advancement. The once aristocratic nepotism that received its justification from hereditary descent has degenerated to our present state of political corruption.

We then returned to the subject of the women. The Moors have no harems. Men and women of one family live together. The atrium is the centre of the family life. This is very interesting, because it proves that the Egyptian and Turkish harem is a later development of Moham-medanism.

The Consul, in talking of the flora and fauna, mentioned that a line drawn from Fez to Rabatt would show the limits beyond which no sparrows or rabbits are to be found. In the trees of the garden there were many sparrows. Rats are a regular plague, for the absence of scavenging makes Fez a perfect paradise for them.

On my left at table was the Postmaster, newly nominated as the Austrian Consul. Till then our fifty-two million Austrians had been unrepresented.

In honour of his election I invited the whole party to breakfast in our tents.

We passed the evening on the terrace, fanned by cooling breezes most welcome after the heat of the day.

Next day I made the acquaintance of a man who was able to give me very exact information on customs in Morocco. He told me that the custom of having many wives is dying out. The Arabs of rank generally have one wife and many slaves. The same thing holds good in the middle class, but from reasons of economy. So slavery flourishes. There is a good slave trade in Fez. The price of girls varies. The ill-favoured or unaccomplished ones are very cheap. Those who can cook well or sing cost more, and the courtesans are dearest of all. The children of slaves are legitimate, so each generation of slaves dies out and new purchases have to be made. Many are given their liberty, particularly when their owner dies. The slaves are not without rights. For instance, by taking refuge in a mosque they may be sold to a new master if they are unhappy. In distinction from Turkish customs, the slave here can be sold again by her own master.

Turning to legal marriage, he told me that the

parents arrange this without consulting the contracting parties at all. The two fathers arrange the marriage and settle the price, but the wedding only takes place when the money has been paid by the bridegroom. The marriage settlement is drawn up in a mosque, and exactly defines the wife's and husband's rights and duties; for instance, how many slaves the husband may have, and how often the wife may go to her home.

The marriage is proclaimed with special celebrations, and the barber plays an important part. One will be reminded of the barber of Seville, who is a relic of the time of the Moorish occupation of Spain. The holy Mouley Edris is the patron saint of barbers. The barber is the most important person in the whole wedding ceremonies; he shaves the bridegroom, binds on his turban, and so on. Then follow great festivities, feasts, exchange of presents, and music, continued till the day of the actual wedding arrives. The bride sits for seven days on a raised stool surrounded by her relatives. In the evenings, closely veiled, she is led round the streets on a mule. She takes seven baths, one every day, and the time is spent in adorning her and rubbing her with henna, which gives a gold-brown tone to the skin. Then a

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master in the art comes and paints figures with citron juice on her hands and feet. During this time there is continual firing of volleys, music and singing.

When children are born, they are not washed till eight days after birth. A year later comes the barber again and shaves the child's head, except for one little tuft. This tuft is of great significance. The road to heaven is difficult and dangerous, and when the faithful stumble the Prophet can hold them up by these tufts of hair.

The society of Fez is very aristocratic, as is Moroccan society generally. The descendants of the patron saint, Mouley Edris, are Sherifs, holy men—as are also the Alaonites, the relations of the Sultan. Besides these there are also Sherifs from other parts of the country. No registers are kept, yet the various families live very distinct. Each family chooses a chief and lives in its own quarter. The holy men lead a most comfortable life on the kindly gifts left for them in the mosques.

The service for the dying is very simple. There is only one simple prayer said at the bedside, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." After death the various holy brethren, especially the Aissauï, come to pray, and students

read the Koran. The burial takes place as soon as possible the same night or next morning. The corpse is carried to the nearest mosque, priests stand round it and pray, then it is carried with hymns to the graveyard. Every family has its own vault.

All business relating to the division or inheritance of property is left to two Adoulen. Mohammed the Prophet gave detailed instructions on the division of property. A third may be disposed of according to wish; the parents receive a sixth, and sons double as much as daughters.

I then inquired into the state of medicine. The doctors are generally holy men. There is no real art of medicine or scientific diagnosis of disease, and it is not a University subject. Talismans are the chief medical remedies. Every disease has its koubba and its saints. The Koubba Bou Ghelet is the most favoured resort of the sick. This is illustrated by an incident I heard of a soldier under the German officers who was seized with a bad illness, and hurried with an offering of candles to a saint three days' journey away.

The only doctors are from Mecca, and have miraculous cures—dates from Mecca and water from the spring of Zem-Zem. But the most

efficacious of all is sand gathered from the grave of the Prophet. Besides these famous scientific doctors is a Syrian from Constantinople who really has some systematic knowledge. It is surprising that under these conditions there is so little mortality.

If we really want to help the Moors, let us assist them in relation to disease. The hungry money-grabbers do not trouble about such things. All they care about is to get millions more wage-slaves. Yet, what would it cost Europe to start here a course for the study of surgery and medicine? There are plenty of doctors who know Arabic, or could learn it. For at present it is very difficult to converse with the people, as even the interpreters do not know any foreign language properly, and only translate with difficulty. If the Europeans have the welfare of the Moors really so much at heart, let them come forward to heal the sick and soothe the suffering, to build hospitals in Morocco, and to help those who cannot help themselves. This miserable state of things demands immediate amelioration, and I think the Sultan will soon call upon the Maghzen to improve the sanitation and hygiene of the country.

On the occasion of the celebration of the election of the Austrian Consul, the German Consul's

wife visited our tent in Moorish dress. It had a curious effect, for it was easy to see she was no native, and her blue eyes under the veiling were a striking contrast to the dark and fiery brown eyes of the Arabian women. It is to be questioned whether this Moorish custom of hiding women behind veils is not good. There are many more old and ugly women than there are young and pretty ones, and it seemed to me an excellent means of preserving ugly and self-conscious women from suffering the indignity of hostile criticism. The veil is one of those customs that have arisen from the aristocratic pride of the Arab, who does not wish to subject his wife to the depreciating remarks of men.

After breakfast we went into the Jewish quarter. The Arabian Ghetto, called the Mellah, lies south-east of the town, and is a most remarkable and picturesque sight. The narrow alleys are even more evil-smelling than in the Arabian quarters. Everywhere are to be seen unveiled girls and women. On their heads they wear peculiar coloured cloths. The men are not like the Continental Jews, small and misshapen, but handsome and well built.

When the town of Fez was founded there were

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in Morocco aboriginal Jews from pre-Arabian times. Mouley Edris brought them to Fez, and put them under the direct protection of the Sultan. They were installed in their Mellah and ruled themselves, though they had to pay certain taxes to the Sultan. But who paid them was the affair of the Jewish community; the Maghzen did not trouble about it.

The Arabs do not want to have anything to do with the internal affairs of the Mellah, which means "dirty place," but make certain regulations for the behaviour of the Jews outside their own quarter. They have, for instance, to wear black caftans, black slippers, and black turbans, though I saw many light-coloured caftans, and must not pass a mosque without taking off their slippers.

The government of the Mellah is quite constitutional. Seven town councillors are chosen, three priests, and four laymen. They, in turn, choose a chief administrator.

The houses look like dovecotes, and from the scattered windows peep bejewelled Jewesses. On the walls is painted a hand to keep off the evil eye. The Arabs also use this hand as a protection against evil spirits. The present-day Jews in Fez are terribly superstitious.

The girls are betrothed when as young as five or eight, and if a poor child finds no husband she is believed to be bewitched, and is avoided by the whole population. The belief in the evil eye is also found in Europe, and particularly in Spain and Italy. I remember a lady in Venice who was supposed to have the evil eye, and who was shunned by superstitious people.

My guide, an intelligent young Israelite, spoke good French, so that I could easily get information. I was particularly astonished to find that the Jews in Fez are greatly given to drink. They drink a spirit prepared by themselves, and often render themselves senseless. There is a strong emigration movement, especially to South America.

It is impossible to get at the number of the population, as all records are wanting. My guide believed there were 10,000 Jews in Fez, and more in Marrakesh and Mogador, but of the figure for the whole of Morocco he had no idea. The Jews are generally poor, but some among them have considerable wealth.

The Maghzen employs some for its business, and every Kaid has his Jewish retainer, like the noblemen of Galicia. The Jews practise many

arts and callings besides those of trade and money-lending.

The only subjects of school instruction are reading the Talmud and Hebrew. The Spanish Jews who fled there in the sixteenth century have kept their distinguishing peculiarities, and teach their children Spanish. "L'Alliance Israélite" has done much for the schools of Morocco. There are 3,000 pupils in them. Europeans are accepted, who afterwards go abroad or stay in the country and prosper well, owing to their knowledge of languages. My guide had been taught in one of these schools.

The Jews as well as the Arabs of Fez largely occupy their time with religious observances. They pray three times a day, and every action is blessed or prayed over. Differing from the Jews generally, these people worship saints; they have probably adopted this custom from the neighbouring Arabs. They have their holy Rabbis and their shrines to which they make pilgrimages. Other Jews of the Talmud have always condemned the worship of saints. In the Jewish burial-ground in Fez a part is specially railed off and reserved for the burial of saints, and on feast-days the whole Jewish population prays beside these graves. In many ways this

graveyard is different from Jewish graveyards in Europe. The most ancient of those have stone monuments and gravestones; but here are clay catafalques of all sizes—snow-white, black, or blue. The manufacture of these forms the sole calling of certain Jews. The Jews hate the sight of strangers in their graveyards as much as the Moors.

The flight of centuries has not affected their ritual, which appears to be the same as it was at the time of the exodus from Egypt. Their prayers still offer praise for the deliverance out of Egypt. Their Easter Festival is particularly interesting. The father of the family breaks bread, as Christ did, blesses it, and divides it among those seated round the table. He then takes the wine (it comes from the Atlas Mountains), blesses it, and it is passed round. What tenacity of national customs! The Sabbath is kept very strictly. No letter even is opened on that day. The people merely walk about and occupy themselves with religious exercises. The Jews' Easter Festival lasts eight days, and on the great day eggs and meat, over which a blessing has been pronounced, are partaken of. The eggs are considered to bring luck. These Jews, whose ancestors lived in Morocco in pre-Christian times, seem to have preserved the

Israelitish rites (still found in altered form in the Roman Catholic religion), in distinction from the ante-Christian Jews of Palestine, and all efforts of the missionaries of "L'Alliance Israélite" have failed to effect any change in their customs.

The Jews in Morocco are quite safe from persecution. As long as I was there only one was murdered, though the only paper I could get—*Le Journal* of Paris—reports two or three cases of murder and theft daily. The Arab is much too aristocratic to attack a Jew. The Arabs despise the Jews as much as they do Christians, but they do not harm them. Europe, which talks of introducing its "civilized customs," would do well to take note of this. The Jews are seldom exploited and robbed now, though in the Middle Ages, when they first took refuge there, they were persecuted by the Spaniards and Portuguese. The only murder I heard of was that of a rich Hebrew named Ben Mechsal, under the Sultan Mouley el Rechid. Like so many Moroccan Sultans, Mouley el Rechid had no money, and so instigated the murder and robbery by students of the wealthy Ben Mechsal.

In memory of this murder, the students' organization (called Tolba) perform a curious ceremony.

They put a crown up to auction, and the highest bidder is made Sultan of the Tolba. The most astonishing feature of this celebration is that the real Sultan sends all the insignia of his Serene Majesty to the student Sultan by the person of the Lord Chamberlain, escorted by soldiers, with a horse, the great red sunshade, a Sultan's robe, the slaves to keep away the flies, and the lance-bearers. This takes place on Monday afternoon. On Friday the "Sultan of the Tolba" makes a solemn procession outside the town. Prayers are offered up for him, and his camp, surrounded by many tents, is erected near the town. In the tents are all kinds of people making merry in the company of the students. This festival lasts seven whole days. On the seventh the real Sultan rides out, preceded by a near relation laden with rich gifts, and the false one goes to meet him with all his Court. At the meeting the false Sultan springs from his horse and kisses the other's stirrup. The "Sultan of the Tolba" then has the right to ask a boon, which the Sultan grants. This ends the ceremony, and before daybreak the one-time Sultan must leave his tent, or it will go ill with him.

The special interest of this celebration lies in the attitude and position of the real Sultan, which so

closely resembles that of the Pope in Europe ; say, for instance, on the occasion of the Carnival, or Shrove Day ceremony, at Rome. But the Arabs are a serious people, and have no theatres and merry-making as we have. Only once a year the Arab has a kind of carnival—the Feast of Anchoura—celebrated on the tenth day of the Mohammedan January. Mohammed commands that on this day every man must give a fourth of his income to the poor—a kind of income-tax of 25 per cent.

This is the great bathing day. The rich wash themselves in water from Zem-Zem, the Arabian Lourdes, for the Prophet says, “Whoever bathes himself on this day shall be without illness for a year.” This furnished me, for the first time, with the explanation of the absence of the sick. I did not meet one. During the Feast of Anchoura presents are given to the children, and all ranks give themselves up to merry-making. Farces are acted in booths lighted by paper lanterns, and various types of people are caricatured—a very dirty Jew, a minister of the Maghzen, a Khadi, a midwife, and—as most exquisite drollery—a European Ambassador murdering the native tongue.

I should like here to say a few words regarding the Arabian festivals in general. The French author Aubin, in his book "Maroc d'Aujourd'hui," describes them in great detail. As his descriptions are too long for the size of my book, I will merely give a précis of his account.

The Arabs have three great festivals—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide : the first called L'Aid el Kebir, the second Mouloud or Mouled, and the third L'Aid es Seghir.

The great Feast of L'Aid el Kebir is the feast of the sacrificial lamb of Abraham, and falls at the time of our Christmas. The men exchange presents and forgive old scores. On this day every man must sacrifice at least one lamb, and rich families often sacrifice several. Before L'Aid el Kebir there is a great fair in Fez, and over 50,000 lambs are often sold. The chief presents people make to each other are lambs. The State takes this opportunity to give new uniforms to the troops and officials. The feast lasts seven days. On the first day the Sultan goes to the Msalla, as I have described, descends from his horse, and sacrifices a lamb. A cannon gives the signal of the ceremony, and in every house in Fez the father of the family kills one or more lambs with

his own hand. After the Sultan has sacrificed a lamb, the Khatib—a priest who has given a short sermon before the ceremony—comes forward and does likewise. Two servants seize the animal, and ride as quickly as possible to the house of the Khatib. If the lamb still lives on their arrival, it is a good omen. In order to minimize the risk of a bad omen the men hold the arteries of the sheep together. Then bands play, cannon are fired, and the festivities, which consist of much the same religious excitements that we saw in Tangier, begin.

At Mouled the Sultan repeats his ceremony for three days. The first day it is purely a religious rite, but on the two following days it takes on a feudal character, for the tribes make it an occasion to offer homage and presents to the Sultan.

Besides the three feasts mentioned, which are celebrated in more or less the same manner, comes the Rhamadan, when meals have to be taken at certain hours of the night. This feast lasts a whole month. It is evident that the Arab has his time so filled up with all these festivals that he has no leisure to enter on such immoral paths as the European barbarians. As the moral lesson of each feast is Forgiveness, Charity, and Gladness, they can but exercise a beneficial influence.

CHAPTER VII

THE SULTAN AND THE MAGHZEN

WE had a very interesting guest to dinner while in Fez, and this was the physician to the King. He is an Australian, and has lived in Fez for many years. Owing to his official position, I cannot repeat his opinions as fully as I would like, but must confine myself to the mention of one or two especially interesting points.

He related many stories of the late Sultan Mouley el Hassan, who was a man not to be trifled with.

If a Maghzen or Pacha had been appropriating money too freely, he was invited to drink a cup of coffee with the Sultan. A few hours later the culprit was in Allah's lap, while his wealth replenished the State coffers. The same end was often reached by legitimate imprisonment or capital punishment. Thus under Mouley el Hassan the Treasury was always in a flourishing condition, while under

Abd-el-Laziz it is always empty, because he is infected by European humanitarianism. The people say, "He is no Sultan that rules in such a manner, and never shortens by a head."

Fox-Pitt related a good story of the Shah of Persia on the occasion of his visit to London. After he had seen many sights and institutions, he complained that he had not witnessed an execution. They replied to him that as there was no prisoner awaiting capital punishment at present, they could not show him the ceremony. He answered, "Then take two of my people."

In the eyes of an Eastern monarch the lives of his subjects are completely at his disposal, and on this idea of possession the whole Constitution is based. Ministers are allowed to appropriate funds, but when they are considered to have plundered enough they are quietly done away with, and their wealth confiscated. This system permits no arising of Carnegies and Morgans, and really acts as a good means of checking disproportionate wealth in the social body. To-day the Ministers and Pachas steal as much as ever they did, but because the equalizing method is no longer practised the State of Morocco begins to totter. Abd-el-Laziz has forsaken the traditional methods of ruling, and is

Sultan without applying those means which are the source of the strength of his position. This must lead to catastrophe. A humane Sultan is merely a farcical figure.

This position is greatly due to Sir Harry Maclean. Twenty years ago he went as instructor of the Mahalla, and now is Kaid Harry Maclean, and commanding officer of a large number of soldiers. He was the adviser and educator of the Sultan, and is at the same time the best source of information on Moroccan affairs for English diplomats.

Maclean has the true English spirit, and has inoculated the Sultan with his own respect for justice. This would have been well if in the whole country there was a shadow of respect for worldly justice. All the prevalent ideas of justice are so bound up with religious sentiment that it needs the commands of the infallible Pope, the Sultan, to put them in force. His will constitutes right and justice. If you wish to shake that belief you will have to pull down the whole edifice of society.

The physician told a good story of an Englishman appointed to some position by the late Sultan, Mouley el Hassan. He would not kiss the ground when entering his Majesty's presence, so the Lord

Chamberlain devised a ruse to force him to it. A kind of covering to the entrance was made with so small an opening that the Englishman would have to enter on his knees, with his face bowed to the ground. The Englishman, however, did not fall into the trap, but entered feet first. After this dire failure no further efforts were made to induce Europeans to comply with the Eastern mode of salutation. The present Sultan never expects it.

The doctor gave us another amusing story: For many years there had lived in Fez an Italian, a cartridge and rifle manufacturer, and a man of some ingenuity. He was always called to the palace in certain cases of emergency. One day a lion from the Royal Menagerie escaped, and immediately the Sultan sent for the Italian "to come and catch the lion." Curiously enough, he succeeded in doing so.

I inquired after the affair of the murdered saint, and heard that immediately the body was discovered the Sultan had twenty suspected holy men imprisoned. The first bastinado had no result, but it was hoped the second would be more successful!

During our visit to Fez the papers were filled with "alarming news of occurrences in Morocco."

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But no one we met had heard anything of them.

Our dragoman had been four years in the palace, and still had relatives there; so we sent him to take photographs of the interior, but unfortunately they all turned out badly. He gave us, however, a very detailed description of the interior.

The Sultan is a very dark-skinned man, the son of a Circassian slave from Constantinople. He has never been legally married, but has innumerable slaves. The dragoman maintained he had no children, but other intimates of the palace deny this. In fact, a son had been pointed out to me. The watchmaker to the Sultan, an Englishman, would give me no information on this point, but inclined to the view that the Sultan is without a direct heir. Each royal wife has her own household within the palace, which forms a little town in itself, and from without the walls can be seen the roofs of the great buildings of the Sultan and his wives. Aubin, the great authority on life in the palace, was fortunate enough to be able to make most exact observations.

I will merely mention a few characteristic points. The Sultan is the only man in Morocco who

has eunuchs imported from Constantinople. His personal staff consists of women. The cooks alone are men, for their office is combined with another—that of bastinadoing the women when they transgress in any way. The women have various posts—the mistress of the linen, the mistress of the pantry, of the tea service, and so on. The Sultan eats alone, and in the afternoon he passes the time in playing billiards, polo, riding in his cab, motor-boat, or motor-car. There is not sufficient water for boating in the palace grounds, so on the days his Majesty desires to boat the whole water-supply of Fez has to be diverted into the park, and the 150,000 inhabitants are thus deprived of water for two days.

Next to the Sultan's sleeping apartments is a room of "reunion," where the wives pass the night, to be ready at his call.

On Thursdays the wives are allowed to go into the garden. There they ride bicycles, and enjoy various amusements, dressed in Paris hats and gowns.

There is also a Court singer, a Shaikka, whose name is Zineb. She did not gain her position by merit, but by favouring influence; one observes this sort of thing everywhere. There is a Court jester, after the old mediæval fashion.

The Sultan's relatives do not live at Court. If they are dangerous, they are banished and watched ; if harmless, they live as private people and enjoy no special honour. A princess, a Sheriffa, may not marry a private person. If she can find no man of equal rank to marry her, she must resign herself to single blessedness. If in spite of this she marry, her husband is imprisoned for life. The Sultan is no respecter of titled personages. At the present time the eldest brother of the Sultan, Mouley Mohammed, is in prison, not because he has in any way shown himself dangerous, but because he might be so.

The Sultan learnt to play the piano from his Circassian mother, and he is said to play well. He has added to his father's old volume of music a new European selection, and 105 musicians live at the palace. Besides this band he has his trumpeters, who accompany him when the imperial sunshade is borne above him. These trumpeters, the sunshade, and the slaves to keep off the flies, form the imperial paraphernalia. The trumpets fanfare the Arabian times of prayer before the Sultan's door, first in the morning, then at sunrise, and last, about ten at night.

The young Sultan deviates more and more from

the traditional customs of his forefathers, and who knows whether even this one may not be discontinued? The modernizing of inherited customs depresses the Moorish people. Though they see little of it, they know enough to be distrustful. For instance, while the Sultan only shows himself to the people four times a year, the inhabitants of Fez see Europeans in and out of the palace at all times.

The Arabs are most suspicious of new things, such as photographic cameras, the telegraph, and all kinds of machines and engines; while the Sultan, on the contrary, takes great interest in all novelties. All kinds of modern inventions—gramophones, wireless telegraphy, etc.—are to be found in the palace.

Not the least of my wonder was at the manner of transport of all these things—the cab, the billiard-tables, and motor-boat—which had been carried from Larash on the backs of mules, along the horrible Arabian paths. The discontent of the people does not disturb the Sultan. When he wishes to go through the streets in a motor-car he orders the people to keep within locked doors. He has lost much of the strength of his position through such behaviour, as well as through his weakness. Though much loved by his imme-

diate personal followers, they are not blind to his faults. At the Feast of Mouled he should enter the Msalla at four o'clock, but on the occasion I was there he did not appear till half-past four, as he was playing polo before starting. His subjects are more offended by such laxity than if he had poisoned seven Wazeers.

Abd-el-Laziz much resembles Sultan Mehemed Ali of Egypt. Seventy years ago my father, in company with an Englishman named Crawford, visited Mehemed Ali, and used to tell us children at home how fond the Sultan was of European novelties, and how he used to wear large white gloves, such as waiters in London wear. The government and condition of affairs in Egypt were at that time very much what they are in Morocco to-day. Who knows whether it will not follow in the footsteps of Egypt and suffer the same fate?

One thing is certain, the Sultan will be responsible for hastening this end. His lack of a sense of duty and responsibility, his dislike of traditional customs, and his want of interest in affairs of government, are fatal. The Maghzen has its own way everywhere, first this and then that one of its members ruling the roost. Formerly an Ouzir, or Chancellor, acted as the Sultan's right

hand, and he alone had the privilege of robbing the subjects and the State. Now, in order to be relieved of the responsibility of decision, Abd-el-Laziz delivers the people over to a whole band of predatory officials, as naturally all booty must be divided between the members of the Maghzen.

During the last four years Morocco has incurred a debt of 80,000,000 francs, yet scarcely a quarter of this has been spent on the army or Government affairs, but the bulk has been pocketed by the Maghzen.

The official salary for a Minister is about £12 per annum. On entering this office the Ministers take a solemn oath to be honest. The present Ministers truly live like lords, and build themselves gorgeous palaces, while the people look on and shake their heads.

There is no Arabian newspaper in Morocco, and the circulation of the only journal published by the French in Tangier is artificially stimulated by them, and it is sent by them throughout the country. This journal contains the fiercest of attacks upon the Sultan and the native Government. While the French in Algiers keep a strict watch that the Arabs shall read no newspapers, and confiscate every one they find, here they themselves

publish an organ which excites the people to irreligion and revolution against their own native Government. If this is not barbarism, I do not know the meaning of the word.

In order to make clear the misgovernment in Morocco, I must give an outline of the Constitution.

There are four classes of Maghzen, then come the quasi-Maghzen class, and the lower Maghzen. From the first originally came all the officials and military officers, and only afterwards, when the Empire developed, the quasi-Maghzens were also drawn upon. In Morocco all positions are hereditary, if not by law, at least through custom. The whole of the Court, all officials and military, belong to the Maghzen, which in Europe has been generally falsely translated as "the Ministry."

The composition of the Royal household is very complicated. The Royal guard consists of two divisions, the Mchaouris and the Msakrins, the former consisting of 500 men, the latter of 3,000. The Mchaouris without exception are born Maghzen, while the Msakrins are drawn from the quasi-Maghzen.

The Grand Wazeer is the Home Secretary, and all correspondence between the Sultan and the

Maghzen goes through his hands. The Minister for Foreign Affairs is called the Minister of the Sea, because he has to see to all over-sea transactions. This Minister has a representative in Tangier, the Naib es Sultan. The Minister for War, L'Allef (the Counter), was originally only Paymaster-General; to-day he is the most powerful man in the kingdom. L'Amin el Oumana, the Minister of Trade and Finance, is chosen from among the richest merchants, and has to administer all economic affairs. He has three under-secretaries—for Income, Expenditure, and the Highest Chamber of Accounts. These four Ministers form the Ministry in our sense of the term. L'Amin el Chikayat Dahilia is at once Minister of Justice and himself the Highest Court. All complaints are made to him. Besides these there are Ministers for the Imperial Household, one for interior and one for outside affairs. Kaid el Mechouar is the title of the former. Each of the nine Ministers has an office and innumerable scribes.

As all these officials are practically unpaid, they steal right and left, in spite of the oath, which runs: "I swear never to take what is not my due, not even an egg from a subordinate." They swear, too, to be faithful to their office, but this oath is

as faithfully kept as the oath of chastity of the German Maltese knights. Their names are impossible to remember ; for instance, the name of the head of the Finance Department is Amin echchkara el Hady el Mehdi Lahlo.

This brief description makes it clear that the system leaves much to be desired, but this shortcoming is universal. When Clemenceau was made Minister of the Interior, he found in his department many officials who never went to the offices at all, and who filled private posts. I expect the state of affairs in the French Maghzen is very much the same as in Morocco. In France Radical Socialism, in Russia the autocracy, in Morocco the Sherifat, have brought confusion and corruption to a head, and the Ministers have merely taken the place of the old feudal lords. Their brothers, fathers, and sons fill all places, and the Ministry is united by blood relationship—an octopus of officialdom sucking the blood of the people—the apotheosis of nepotism. To divert the people's attention, they are incited to a great attack on the Church, for, as Gambetta said significantly, If you wish to draw the attention of the electorate away from great political questions of the day, attack the Church.

What must an honest man think when he hears the most corrupt Maghzen in the world, the French, talk about purifying the Moroccan Maghzen? Once more and again I ask, Where are the barbarians, in Europe or Morocco?

CHAPTER VIII

DEPARTURE FROM FEZ

TOWARDS midday on May 7 we left Fez. It was with regret that we tore ourselves away from the many-coloured and peaceful life of the city we had grown to love.

As we emerged from the city gate we saw the great plain of Sais stretching away endlessly before us, the great mountain at the northern end shimmering in a blue haze. Across it were moving many little asses, carrying charcoal, palm-leaves, and brush-wood, urged ceaselessly forward by the dark-skinned men in their white linen robes, crying, "Arrad ! Arrad !"

Our path led through the great plain, and one village after another disappeared like a dream as we passed. After a three hours' march we left the plain of Sais and entered the hilly country. Mekes, a large village, peeped out invitingly from

its dark green background of oak and aloes, so we halted and made a light meal.

Behind Mekes flows the Ouled Mekes, a neighbouring river to the Sebu, spanned by a very interesting bridge. Upon it sat two men looking like sentinels, but they proved to be merely travellers resting. When Fox-Pitt was photographing the bridge they rose, evidently uneasily apprehensive of being photographed.

From the River Mekes the road winds over very remarkable hilly country. The hills are like great cones of marl, and the earth forms great cavities of many colours. I have seen similar soil in Kimberley. Red predominates, and indicates the presence of iron ; a great quantity of swamp ore is also to be seen.

We were making for Ben Amer, and had to urge the horses forward to be there before night-fall. My servant rode in front, then I and Fox-Pitt, and behind Mr. Hawkins, who had started late. The sun was just sinking ; not bidding us, as in Europe, a leisurely farewell, but dropping without warning suddenly into the other hemisphere.

After that an ineffably lovely golden haze filled the sky ; the shadows hurried on, embraced the

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glowing cloudlets, and that deep peace, which Allah has only bequeathed to His own kingdom, fell gently over all the land. The storks were taking their calm flight through the closing shade, bringing peace to the roofs of men. The last flap of their wings announced the coming of balmy sleep, soother of care and sorrow.

When the sun had sunk and we were passing a chain of hills, four men with rifles suddenly appeared before us, and apparently put themselves in a firing attitude. My servant rode, nevertheless, quietly forward, and we were reassured on recognising our friends, Kaid Mouley Dris, the coffee-house keeper, and others from Ben Amer, who had ridden out to meet and protect us. They had taken up their defensive position to show their alertness.

We shook and kissed hands all round, then hurried on to Ben Amer. Here the whole of the population awaited us, and insisted on shaking hands. These were the evilly disposed natives!

The next day we started off early, and rode for Ische Banat. On the way we met many evil-looking Aissauï returning from Merekes. The people in Ische Banat were not so polite and friendly as in Ben Amer, though Kaid was most kind and

cordial. However, the beauty of our camping-place richly compensated us for our cool reception.

Our tent stood in marvellous meadows of golden and blue, and the villagers sat in a circle round us, with the little *gamin*, more impudent than usual, crouched up together, watching everything with open mouths.

Mr. Hawkins had a tremendous shock in the middle of the night. He was suddenly roused from his sleep by a shot being fired quite close to him. He sprang up, and general excitement prevailed, till it was found that the sentinel had accidentally let off his rifle. I had truly slept the sleep of the just, and not heard a sound.

The next day we reached Shech Boushaid, an hour's journey from the Sebu. The Kaid of this place is an exceedingly rich man. The plain is very fertile, where it is not swampy. Shech Boushaid is a junction and halting-place for caravans, and, indeed, two were already there on our arrival.

It was a wonderful sight to see the thousands of sheep and goats, and hundreds of cattle, asses, mules, and horses coming from the watering-place, and behind them the deliberate camels slowly

A PLEASANT CAMPING SPOT.

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swinging their heads from side to side. There were hundreds of camels pressing together as if they awaited something extraordinary. However, they received nothing but the ordinary orders of the camel-driver commanding them to rest and sleep. Each camel was separately invited to lie down. Of its own accord the herd moved into a half-circle; a blue-grey baby camel among them was not so well educated as its parents, and not until the lower part of its legs were bent under and its upper leg held fast could it be made to lie down. Camp fires flared around us, and in their red glow it was very weird to watch the white heads of the camels, as they chewed the cud with their great teeth. The camel-drivers played on the mandolins, dogs barked in the distance, and now and then an ass complained of his sad fate, till beneficent night silenced them all.

By early grey dawn the scene was again animated, and the caravans set out by the light of the sunrise, disappearing into the distance with calm and measured pace. We, too, set out, and after an hour's ride reached the Sebu, here a rushing torrent tearing along its deep-worn bed, not, as in Tekua, fresh, shallow, and boisterous, springing gaily over great rocks, but moving pompously

along, as if filled with a sense of its own importance.

It was a very interesting scene that then took place. Great boats are used for conveying men and animals across the river, but their construction is most unpractical. They are very shallow, and will only come within about a yard of the bank, and transport of animals creates a noisy scene. Every animal obstinately refused to get into the boat. If the words and blows showered upon him have no effect, then he is vigorously pushed and pulled, and almost thrown into the water. When in the boat, the camels were made to lie down, and it was a very curious spectacle to see the boat rocking wildly on the roaring, yellow Sebu, freighted with the reclining yellow and grey camels, whose long necks swung from side to side with astonishment. After incredible noise, bustle, and blows, we were across.

We found our next stopping-place, Habassee brech, the most poetically picturesque spot we had so far seen. It lies on a gentle green slope, and is a mere cluster of brown-roofed huts, each with its pair of storks, and sometimes several pairs, with little ones peeping from the nests.

We were taken to the garden of the brother of

Sultan Mouley el Kebir, where we stretched ourselves luxuriantly under the shade of a fig-tree, while all around us the air was filled with the joyous song of thrushes, the gentle cooing of the doves, and the frivolous chirp of hosts of sparrows. The Kaid's first question was—were we Frenchmen? When he learned that this was not the case, he cordially offered us sour and sweet milk, coverlets and cushions.

Habassee is the residence of a Pacha—Hammet Ben Boubkier, who sent word he would be pleased by a visit from us.

We had to pass a huge manure-heap on our way to the palace, which looked like a neglected farm, and was guarded by soldiers. We were led through the little courtyard to the garden, where a large round, many-coloured tent was pitched.

There sat twenty Arabs reclining on cushions in a circle, while a negro knelt before a great bowl of tea surrounded by dainty little cups on the usual brass trays. The Pacha, a man of forty, lay with his bare feet resting on a divan. His first question, also, was whether we were Frenchmen, and he was childishly delighted at our reply. Next to the Pacha sat the judge, the Khadi, an old, white-bearded man, with a cunning look in his eye. Then came his

clerks and servants. All kept their eyes fixed on the Pacha in an attitude of devout attention to every word that fell from his lips, but only the Khadi dared to join in. The Pacha asked why the French were buying so much land in Tangier, and if I thought they would keep Oujda. He then sang the praises of the German Kaiser. Then he asked the time, and compared my watch with his. As it was passed round from hand to hand and held up to their ears, we were sprayed with fleur d'orange, and a slave kept the flies off us with a not too clean serviette. The negro made tea according to a prescribed ceremony, his raised eyebrows testifying to his careful attention to his task. When not making tea he sat motionless as a statue. Sour milk was then passed round, and each had to drink a draught of it. After talking of many things, we took our leave, and rode four hours in the broiling sun to Jumah el Lalla Maimuna.

Buried in a small cactus grove stands a mosque with a slender minaret; near it a white "saint house," with a village of tents grouped around. This is the grave of the holy Lalla Maimuna, and is much frequented by all pilgrims.

We noticed great groups of gorgeously ap-

parelled soldiers riding about the district, and learned that there had been a three days' battle only two days before. Two Kaids made war on each other, fifteen Arabs had fallen, and the Pacha of Larash had sent these troops to restore peace.

If we had only been twenty-four hours earlier, we might have been twentieth-century witnesses of a scene from the Middle Ages. But now the Mahalla were exercising their office, and the spirit of order and harmony again reigned. Looking at these villages in the broad plain, slumbering behind their green hedges in the growing evening grey, we could scarcely believe that two days before the smoke of powder and resounding shots had filled the air with terror, and frightened the storks from their nests. But now an atmosphere of blessed peace was wafted over the sacred shrine, and around it quietly browsed horses, asses, kine, sheep, goats, and camels.

The kneeling Arabs kissed the earth and prayed aloud ; a twinkling light burned in the white, green-roofed koubba, and the camp fire shed its red glow on the quiet resting-place of the saint.

After the burning heat of day, the breath of night descending from the sea of stars was like a cooling draught. The dew fell gently, and in

the west glowed the last greetings of the departed day.

We all sat round a table, while our guide, El Hetj, told the legend of the holy Lalla Maimuna.

“Once two saints dwelt in this place, Sidi Bou Selham and Sidi Abd el Laziz et Tayar, and both could work miracles.

“One day when Sidi Bou Selham was unsuccessfully fishing in the lake, Sidi et Tayar came up, and, to annoy his colleague, put his hand into the water and drew out a handful of fish. Every hair of his hand had turned into a fish-hook ! Sidi Bou Selham was seized with wrath, and swore that he would lead the lake to Fez, and make the maidens of Fez wash their hands in it. He took the lake as far as this spot, where dwelt his daughter Lalla Maimuna.

“Lalla Maimuna besought her father not to do this thing, but he would not break his oath. So she miraculously brought the maidens of Fez to the lake here to wash their hands. Then the enraged saint let the lake flow back to its original place. Thus Lalla Maimuna saved the countryside from drought, and after her death a shrine was built to her blessed memory.”

This story was specially interesting because

female saints are so exceedingly rare among Mohammedans. The position of woman is so inconceivably low that the question of her possession of a soul is not yet unanimously solved, though the general treatment of women in Morocco is better than that accorded by other Mohammedans. Lalla Maimuna has also become the patroness of Larash, and a mosque has been consecrated to her memory there.

The whole story is an attempt to account for the presence in Jumah el Lalla Maimuna of a swamp, which is declared to be the remains of the lake.

We reluctantly departed from this place of pilgrimage, and made our way across the broad and infertile plain, covered with sand, and nourishing dwarf palms and thousands of gorgeous flowers. Towards evening we entered a great forest of cork oaks, giant trees stretching wide their huge branches over the sandy ground, where we galloped under the refreshing shade till we reached a chain of hills.

The whole panorama of Larash lay spread before us. Part only of the town was visible—the Mosque of Lalla Maimuna, near a large date-palm, rose like a living minaret to heaven; there was also a romantic-looking ancient and fortified wall. A wide valley stretched smoothly into the distance,

and like a white stream of flowing milk the river wound and twisted through the deep green meadows. Behind lay a gold-yellow sea, with its white belt of ceaseless treacherous foam breaking remorselessly on the rugged red-brown rocks; and far away stretched the endless expanse of water, now dark blue, now green as malachite, sparkling and glittering in the sun.

Once past the walls, the town itself dazzled us with its white brilliance as if built of crystal.

We set up our tent on the walls of rock which serve as a foundation for this ancient fortress. We could hear the ceaseless thunder of the surf, the tinkle of tambourines in the distance, and the sing-song of the midday prayers. Even the mournful dirge of a passing funeral procession floated across to us. The golden glamour of the sinking sun clothed with a fairy mist the surpassing beauty of the scene. We looked and listened, drinking in with grateful hearts the wonders of Allah.

Larash is a small town with full 10,000 inhabitants, of whom a third are Jews, and about 200 Europeans, mostly Spaniards. It was founded by Arabs, and conquered by the Spaniards and Portuguese; became the chief nest of pirates, and

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1880

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managed more successfully than any other of the coast towns to protect itself against the onslaughts of foreigners. The old fortifications still exist intact.

We camped over the cannon which with long muzzles looked over the sea menacingly, though their threat is but brave show. The great snow-white fortress itself with its round towers is more a thing of beauty than of utility, and the cannon, of the age of Philip II. and III., emphasize its strategic uselessness. However, Larash has a great future as the chief port of Northern Morocco ; but at present the harbour, which is formed by the estuary of the Loukkos, is so narrow that the least swell prevents ships from entering.

The market-place is picturesque in the extreme—an arcaded court closed in by an old Moorish gateway. The remains of the town of Lixus speak of this land as the ancient house of the old Roman and Phœnician civilizations of thousands of years ago.

We left Larash early next day, and our way to Tangier led through the harbour, and here the trouble we had at the Sebu had to be gone through again. Every single beast of burden had to be unloaded and beaten, pushed and thrown into the

ferry-boat. It took us a full hour to get across. Then from the opposite hill we had a new view of the city. Its colour was curious, not white and grey like Fez, but blue and brown, yet giving a general effect of dazzling light.

From the close-lying mass of houses rose the graceful minarets, and in their midst the steeple of the church of the Spanish Franciscans.

We rode for seven hours across the sandy, flower-covered district of Arsila, where we arrived at dusk.

The Pacha of Arsila, accompanied by four soldiers, came to visit us. He was a most cordial and vivacious man, and, as he spoke Italian, we could converse with ease. He had recently been appointed here from Tighig, on the extreme west of the Empire. He had been educated in Italy, and was therefore half Europeanized. As we sat and talked a company of thirty soldiers rode up and fronted us. The Pacha sprang up and made them shoulder arms and march in European fashion. We acknowledged his military salute by baring our heads. The soldiers were then posted round our camp, two and two before each tent as sentinels.

Near by was a Moorish burial-ground, charac-

terized by the same simplicity as Moorish life. Single common stones mark the eternal sleeping-place of the dignified Arab. Before us lay a turretless mosque, to be finished at the new year. The town is hidden behind enormous grey walls, built by the Spaniards during the Moorish wars of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and are very well preserved. Storks, the messengers of peace, stood sentinel on every tower.

We invited the Pacha to stay to have coffee with us.

Day departed peacefully; night closed in upon us, while the sea lapped gently upon the yellow sands.

In the course of the next morning we arrived safely again in Tangier.

CHAPTER IX

THE CASE OF KAID MACLEAN

SIR HARRY MACLEAN is a man of sixty years of age, who has seen thirty years of Moroccan service. He left Gibraltar as a young officer, and went to Fez as army instructor. The late Sultan made him Kaid, and gave him a position of army command suitable to his rank, and after a time it was evident his troops were far the best disciplined. In 1894, when the late Sultan died, Maclean became chief friend and adviser to his Majesty Mouley Abd-el-Laziz. On the one hand, Kaid Maclean influenced him in the direction of English modes of thought, while at the same time he was in a position to send the most reliable and valuable reports to the Foreign Office in London. His services were so highly valued that Queen Victoria knighted him, and he unites a Moorish and English title of nobility in one person. Kaid and Sir Harry Maclean is to-day the greatest expert

on Morocco, and understands its customs and language like a native.

He has two daughters ; one, Miss Nora Maclean, is the light and life of Tangier society. He is very wealthy, and his house in Tangier accommodates the Austrian Legation.

Already when I was in Tangier, Kaid Maclean's task of managing Raisuli was widely discussed. Mr. Harris, the *Times* correspondent, who had already once been made a prisoner by Raisuli, was to accompany him on his mission.

Before discussing it, however, I will say a little about Raisuli.

Raisuli is a Sherif—that is, a saint—a descendant of the Prophet. (All descendants of Mohammed's daughter Fatme are Sherifs.) But Raisuli has proved himself anything but saintlike. From his childhood he has been a robber. The old Sultan Hassan captured and imprisoned him, and had he not been a holy man, would have beheaded him. He spent fifteen years in prison, and immediately he was set free he took up his old profession.

In Morocco there are two great Sherif families and three minor ones. The latter, small in numbers, come from the desert, and are, so to

speak, saints of the second rank. The Edrissites and Alaouites are the two great families; the former are descendants of Mouley Edris, founder of Fez and conqueror of Morocco in the eighth century. The Edrissites reigned from 788 to 990.

A holy family is called Chorfa; the males Sherifs, the females Sherifas. In Morocco, after the Chorfa of the Edrissites, came the Zenoins, the Almoravids (the conquerors of Spain), the Mereniden (who lost Spain), the Saadiers, and now the Alaouites. The Edrissites still exist as a family, and numerically exceed the ruling family. In 1894, at the death of Sultan Mouley Hassan, a regent in the person of Ben Ahmed was appointed till 1900. After his death the mother of Abd-el-Laziz, Lalla Recquia, ruled till 1904. It was during this time that Raisuli suffered imprisonment.

The French writer Aubin mentions in his book "*Le Maroc d'Aujourd'hui*," that from the year 1903 Raisuli was a much-feared and renowned bandit. But on his accession to the throne the Sultan had other things to do than fight Raisuli, for a Pretender, Bou Hamaras, threatened him. This was an impostor who declared himself to be a brother of the Sultan, and claimed that he possessed the royal gift—the Baraka—which gives

the Sultan his divine right as King. In reality he was not an Arab at all, but a Berber called Djilali ben Dris Zer houni el Joussefi. He was a student, and belonged to the Mokendisin section of the students' organizations (Tolba). He became afterwards a State official, and secretary to the Sultan's brother, Mouley Omar. Owing to his intrigues he was arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained till his release in 1901.

He travelled to Tunis, Algiers, and Egypt, and returned as a Pretender. He called himself Mouley Mohammed ben el Hassan, the name of the still imprisoned brother of the Sultan.

Aubin says there was a similar Pretender in the year 1862, who belonged to the Rougo, and was nicknamed Rogi. Ever since that a Pretender is thus named. This Rogi Bou Hamara nearly succeeded in taking Fez ; he defeated the Mahalla in 1903, and had the great Feast of l'Aid el Kebir not intervened, Abd-el-Laziz would have lost Northern Morocco. But the conquering army of Bou Hamara hurried home to celebrate the feast, and never returned. The Sultan appointed a one-time colleague of Bou Hamara, Si el Mehdi el Menehbi, Minister of War, and he successfully drove the Pretender into the mountains.

This Menehbi was the descendant of a Berber family, which for many generations had enjoyed high State offices. He himself had been in office under Mouley Hassan, and had been condemned to prison for five years for some transgression.

Abd-el-Laziz, on his accession, released him, and raised him to the highest offices.

We have thus to deal with three ex-prisoners, the Pretender, the bandit, and the Sultan's marshal.

While Bou Hamara threatened the throne things went well with Raisuli. For the sake of peace the Sultan made friends with him, and appointed him Pacha of Sfax, a province east of Tetuan, west of Arsila, and reaching to the northern gates of Tangier. Raisuli proved an excellent governor, though every transgression in his dominion was rewarded with barbaric severity. He had people beaten to death and blinded, and succeeded in reducing the province to unheard-of order and safety. He built a splendid castle, a sort of fortress, and behaved like an absolute monarch.

When the Sultan got Bou Hamara off his hands, and the French envoys pressed more and more urgently for Raisuli's banishment—evidently because of his hostility to foreigners—the Sultan agreed to depose him, but he would not be deposed.

He gathered his faithful followers round him, retreated to his castle, and fortified it. He rode out near to Tangier and menaced the town. Menehbi came up with the Mahalla, forced Raisuli to retreat, burnt down his castle, and went triumphantly back. Raisuli retreated to the mountains near Elcazar, and from thence sallied forth from time to time to harass, plunder, and kill.

Menehbi, however, soon fell into disfavour, fled from Fez, and put himself under English protection. He lost the bulk of his fortune, which was confiscated, but contrived to retain that part which he had invested at Tangier, or had cautiously hidden away.

He had once been sent to Europe, had seen London, Paris, and Berlin, and now lives in Tangier in a large palace built by himself, with many modern innovations—for instance, a tennis-court. I have seen Menehbi play tennis excellently. It is somewhat striking to watch a man clad in Moorish costume take the service. A glorious view of the sea may be obtained from his covered-in garden terrace, and an exquisite rose-garden completes this fairy palace. The ladies of the Delegation often visit his wife, and they say she is very beautiful. Menehbi is himself very handsome, with the true

Oriental politeness, and great abilities, though one misses his knowledge of modern languages. In spite of the confiscation of his wealth he is very rich, and apparently utilized the time of his favour to good purpose.

Since Menehbi drove him out, Raisuli has menaced Fez and Tangier, supported by the tribe of Elkru. Not a hundred yards from Tangier he has waylaid Europeans, killed them, or demanded ransom. The rich Italian Perdicaris, and the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Harris, were imprisoned by him. He has plundered caravans and the mails, and can neither be captured, nor will the Sultan of the tribes where he lives deliver him up. So the Moroccan Government has to keep expensive detachments of troops posted in Tangier, Elcazar, and on the roads to Fez.

After all attempts to catch Raisuli had failed, the Sultan made peace with him. But first two envoys were sent to treat; unfortunately, they first attempted to persuade the tribes to give Raisuli up. This was happening as I was in Elcazar on April 23, 1907. When Raisuli heard of this intrigue he beheaded one Ambassador and bargained for a handsome ransom for the other. This man he blinded, however.

At the time of my visit the town and neighbourhood of Elcazar were in such fear of Raisuli that trade was at a standstill. I now see how lucky we were to get through in the way we did.

When the Sultan saw nothing was to be done through the Maghzen, he turned with fullest confidence to Maclean, a Scotchman, and like all his nation faithful and reliable.

As Governor, Raisuli had made good friends. The people of Tangier were much attached to him—not only the natives, but the resident Europeans also. His most faithful adherent had been executed by order of the Sultan.

The English Colonel has still an affection for Raisuli, who is a Moorish aristocrat of the purest blood, with the failings and virtues of an aristocrat.

The following letter had been sent by Raisuli to the Colonel :

“Honour to whom honour is due !

“TO THE MASTER OF THE HUNT, CALLED ‘EL
CRONEL.’

“We beg herewith to inquire after your health, and send you our best wishes.

“We have received your letter, and learn that

you desired, according to your custom, to camp and hunt in the Scharf el Akab, and that you have been hindered from so doing by a communication from Khalif el Hadj Ahmed Torres, who declared that you, your men, and those who accompany you, would thus put their lives in jeopardy.

“However, please be perfectly reassured that nothing will occur to harm, disturb, or molest you, and that we spread over you the net of safety. Formerly, it is true, there was much disorder and disturbance in the district, and each man, weak or strong, ventured to act in any manner which seemed immediately or eventually advantageous to him, but now the inhabitants of the land are in the full enjoyment of the blessings of peace and security, and no man dreams of doing evil to another.

“And as you have requested us to take the necessary precautions in consideration for your safety, we have commanded twenty of our men to accompany you everywhere to ensure you peace and safety.

“This is our communication. May you live in peace for ever.

“(Signed) AHMED BEN MOHAMMED ER
RESOULI.

“28 *Moharram*,” 1322 [24th March, 1906].

So wrote the bandit to the Colonel, and in truth not a hair of the hunters was hurt.

The English Consul in Elcazar, Mr. Carlton, is still Raisuli's friend, and received a letter from him at the time of my visit. Since his flight he has had one meeting with the Belgian Ambassador, Comte Busseret, who also has pleasant memories of him. This extremely brave and capable man had the courage to visit Raisuli in his mountain fastnesses.

Raisuli has long ago made peace with the Sultan, but he places no trust in his Majesty; the fate of many who have been overcome by breach of faith and cunning frightens him. He, as an Oriental, knows what he has to fear. He places trust only in Europeans, and therefore Maclean has been chosen by the Sultan to deal with him.

Maclean found him among the hills, treated with him, and then set out on his return journey to Fez, but on the way back Raisuli took him prisoner. It was a cunning move of the rebel chief, for the Powers were then obliged to treat with him direct.

When I was in Tangier the Sultan sent Raisuli the following letter :

Sultan's Letter.

“TO MY SERVANT, KAID HAMET RAISULI. .

“My greeting !

“I have many times sent you my commands with regard to the disorder caused by the tribe Anjera, but have received no reply, which seems to indicate you have no idea of the disturbance you have caused. You have entered into negotiations with foreign nations in regard to certain mineral ores in this country as if you were an independent ruler. Among you there was apparently no wise counsellor to warn you of the iniquity of such conduct, and point out to you that you would be held responsible.

“You are the cause of the affair at Tetuan, and the subsequent interference of the Powers.

“1. In the days of our forefathers, and through the evil counsels of Haman, you were the cause of disturbances, which could have been avoided by your banishment, a punishment meted out in the past to the most powerful tribes.

“A Colonel of the Guard and his son were murdered by you in Ceuta, and you also added to the list of your misdeeds by the assassination of a

French subject near 'Wad Shat,' which nearly caused a general rising, had I not checked it by a payment of 25,000 francs, and the erection of a monument on the spot of the murder.

" 2. The arrest of the assassins, who are known to the French Government, and who must submit to its laws, should be resolved upon, and I have every confidence in the sincerity of your service and friendship. I have written to you to appear at my Court, and also to my servant, Hadj Mohd bel Arbj Torres, informing him of my good intentions towards you. He sent you my letter through a secretary, and informed you of the reasons for this mission. And you resolved to comply with my requests and restore order in the country. I can well understand you were not then able to appear at Court, as your presence was needed in your own district, the whole of the mountain tribes being subject to your rule. I now repeat my commands, but agree to a postponement of your attendance. I send you my servant, the head of my Army, and request you to give him every assistance in quelling the disturbance, to inflict the necessary punishment on the disturbers of the peace, and arrest the negotiators in the affair of the minerals, burn their houses, and to

see that the necessary taxes are paid to the Government.

“When you have carried out these commands I will let you know to whom the money should be sent. I have ordered the chief of my Army to follow your advice in the disposal and ordering of the Mahalla.

“God protect you !

“16 *Shoual*, 1324.”

This letter shows admirably the weakness of the Sultan's authority, and his impotence efficiently to control this rebel, cattle thief, and robber chieftain. It is, indeed, a pitifully feeble appeal. However, Raisuli rejected the proposals of Abd-el-Laziz.

Raisuli constitutes the embarrassment of Morocco; and who is responsible for this state of affairs? The French Ambassadors! Instead of allowing Raisuli, an excellent Governor, to exercise his office undisturbed, they have, by their interference, brought years of insecurity to Morocco; they have harmed her from a financial point of view, and hindered her from developing a better system of government and a more settled rule. This is what the civilizing propaganda of France has done for Morocco !

CHAPTER X

MOROCCO FOR THE MOORS

MOROCCO is a veritable Paradise, and as large as Germany. It differs from the other North African countries in possessing plenty of water and a South European climate. The people are excellent workers, and perhaps the only race which excels the whites in power of endurance.

Morocco represents the last of the territories desirable for colonizing not yet taken in possession, but it is a land which no country will willingly see taken by another. Germany dare not allow France to take Morocco, as Tunis and Algiers would then be lost to the mercantile world, for France has a curious dog-in-the-manger trait. Her own people will undertake nothing, and still strive to prevent anyone else so doing. Life in France is too easy, and her population does not wish to emigrate.

The Frenchman is a typical bourgeois—unambitious, conceited, industrious, clean, avaricious, garrulous, gourmand, critical, and cowardly.

The aristocratic France of the time of Louis XIV., which before its decline was made ruler of the world by Napoleon, has quite disappeared, and that hateful type, the bourgeois, flourishes throughout the country. It would have been better for aristocratic France if she had been devoured by leprosy than by this social disease of bourgeoisie. These people outdo each other at home in lies, avarice, and boastfulness, and abroad the Frenchman is detestable.

Go to Algiers or Tunis, and you will find they first build *cafés chantants*, where they import those girls who must make way for still younger ones at home, who cannot even earn their bread in Piccadilly. Women are one of France's articles of export, and so they have to build houses for them. This is very apparent at Biskra.

Another industry is the building of enormous quays. The quay of Algiers is quite a colossal structure, and until you find there is no traffic at all, you would think the whole world's trade was concentrated there.

When these quays are completed broad roads

are made. In Algiers and Tunis you can drive a motor along them for miles, and yet not meet a single vehicle.

After this splendid barracks are erected, and the red-uniformed soldiers are quartered there. This is the beginning and the end of the civilizing efforts of the French.

When they do build railways, they are dear and bad. The erection of both streets and railways has filled the pockets of certain politicians, and these return to France, and sit in cafés drinking absinthe and vociferating in endless political discussions.

But the colony has to bear the cost of these undertakings ; the population is oppressed by excessive taxation, while prohibitive duties prevent free importation. Traders receive licences only if they are Frenchmen ; but the French do not visit the colony, so trade does not develop and over-sea communication does not take place.

All lands under the control of the French Radical-Socialists suffer this fate. If you doubt it, then visit Tunis, Algiers, and Tonkin with an open mind.

A colony is regarded from the traditional stand-

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point as a place of booty for the protégés of leading politicians.

France herself is a great milch-cow for the functionaries of the Republic. In fact, you may say that every third inhabitant is an official of the Republican Government. France is rich enough to bear all this, the colonies are not. As the place-hunting appetite of the Social Democrat does not abate, but *vient en mangeant*, France has cast a longing eye on Morocco, where there is ample scope for placing the protégés of Messieurs Clemenceau and Pichon.

Morocco is not yet a French colony, but the French policy aims at making it so.

The Sultan has to pay 150,000 francs to French soldiers who do nothing whatever for him.

The banks, the customs, and every institution needing an official, powerfully attract the French mind.

The German Kaiser has recognised the value of Morocco, and has made a very clever and diplomatic move. His journey to Fez and Tangier won the hearts of the Moors, and his smart treatment of England and France gained their admiration and gratitude.

The Kaiser's action has been much discussed,

and people who have not the faintest notion of the real state of affairs vent their wisdom on the housetops. Even the German Philistines do not understand what a clever move their Kaiser has made. He has opened up a territory as large as Germany itself to the traffic of the world. Austria has done well to support the Kaiser in this, because the integrity of the Moorish Empire is as important to her as it is to Germany.

Morocco is worth a war far more than Alsace-Lorraine ever was. If England was ready to give nearly £250,000,000 for the Transvaal, Morocco is well worth double that amount; it could supply Europe with corn, vegetables, oranges, and Southern fruits, coffee and cotton, and boasts splendid pasture-lands for cattle. The population of Europe increases daily, and the question of food grows more and more important.

The population of France is decreasing, and she therefore has no need of colonies; but Germany and Austria must look out for new countries. The German Kaiser, however, does not want Morocco for himself, but merely desires to protect it from the barbarism of the French, and so far he has succeeded.

Bismarck never admitted the principle of the

solidarity of Conservatives, but he did hold that to maintain supremacy over foreign rivals the proper policy was to develop in them the germ of Democracy. Read the memoirs of the House of Hohenlohe, and you will see how Bismarck influenced internal French politics, overthrew Thiers, and supported Gambetta, and so on. Bismarck was of the opinion that Democracy paralyzes a country. I do not know whether his Protestant hate of Catholicism had any influence on his opinion on this point. He, however, forgot one thing, and that is that Democracy is a pestilence which would not cry a halt before the Prussian Eagle. Deliver your enemy over to a disease, and it may afterwards attack you. The complete victory of Democracy in France has but strengthened its cause in other countries, so that its final triumph in other lands is now inevitable. There will be a period of Democratic rule, and then, as in classic times, conquest by foreign races.

The question is : Which races ? The yellow races or the Mohammedans ? The conquering armies of the former would come across North America, and those of the Mussulman from beyond the Balkans. When the German Emperor first

spoke of the Yellow Peril, and painted his well-known picture, the wiseacres laughed, and could not be ironic enough. Do they still laugh? The fatuous preachers of peace at The Hague will some day be cursed in every European tongue.

The rising of the Mohammedans will begin in India and Egypt, spread to North Africa, and cost England and France very dearly indeed. The use of weapons and methods of warfare which the French and English have taught to their native subjects will one day be turned against themselves, as the German mercenaries turned against Rome. Leave Mohammedans alone, and they will never molest us; but if we organize them, and teach them the art of war and modern government, and try to bring them up to the stage of present Western civilization, they will be our equals and no longer submissive or docile.

The occupation of Morocco is even now a menace to European security and peace.

While travelling in Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, I have, as this book shows, studied the smallest details of life there, and I have gained the impression that we are standing before a great Mohammedan rising.

I have taken this opportunity to speak of the

solidarity of the Conservatives because I believe they have a special interest in such a rising of the subject races. A successful rebellion of the Mohammedans would be the best possible lesson to the Social Democrats. We are still in a position to defend Europe from an invasion, but yet within measurable time, if degeneration proceeds, of not being able to do so. In a self-governed Morocco a rebellion could be prepared, and when it came mid-European States could only wish it well.

An Arabian Empire which would hold England and France in check would be of great benefit to Germany and Austria. Then, when Japan holds Russia and America in check, and England and France are confronted by a great Mussulman kingdom, we shall be the rulers of social and political affairs.

We must look on the Democrat as a barbarian, not the Arab, who is a brother Conservative.

The German Kaiser seems to unconsciously hold the same idea. The time when aristocratic rulers would have fought the Mussulman is past; they are nearer of kin to us aristocrats than the Social Democrats are. The gulf between faith in Christ and the belief in Allah is much smaller

